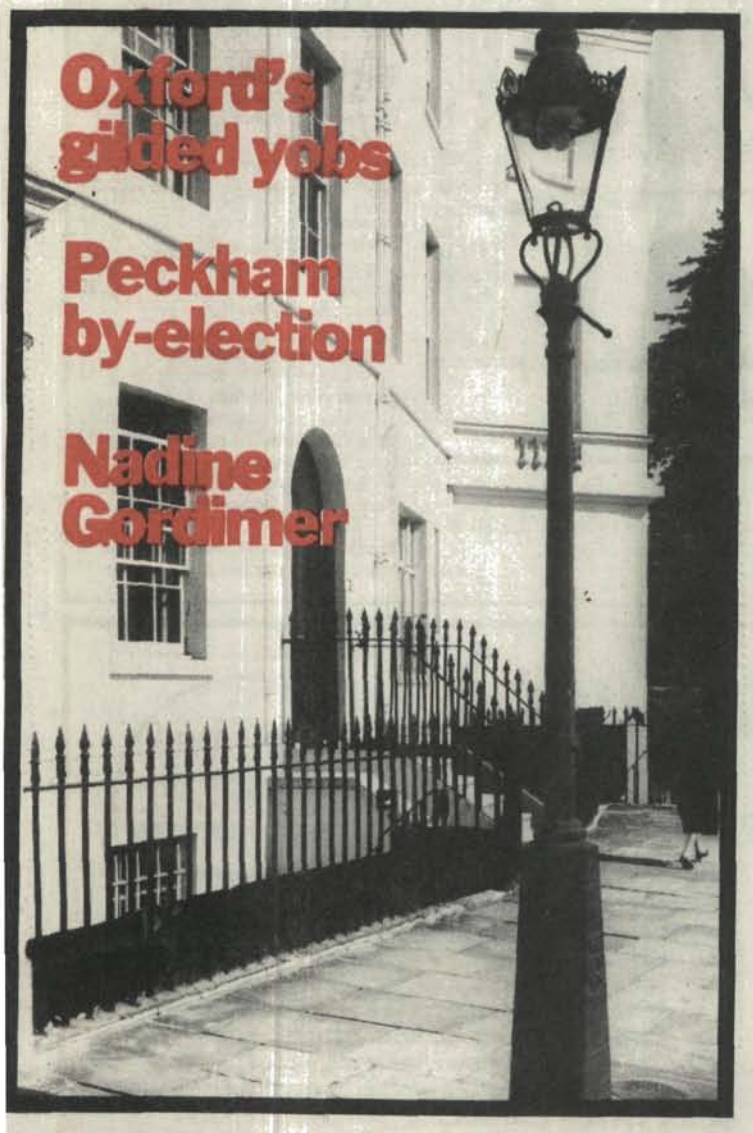
NOV 30 1982
AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

22 October 1982 60p IR91p US$1.50 By Air

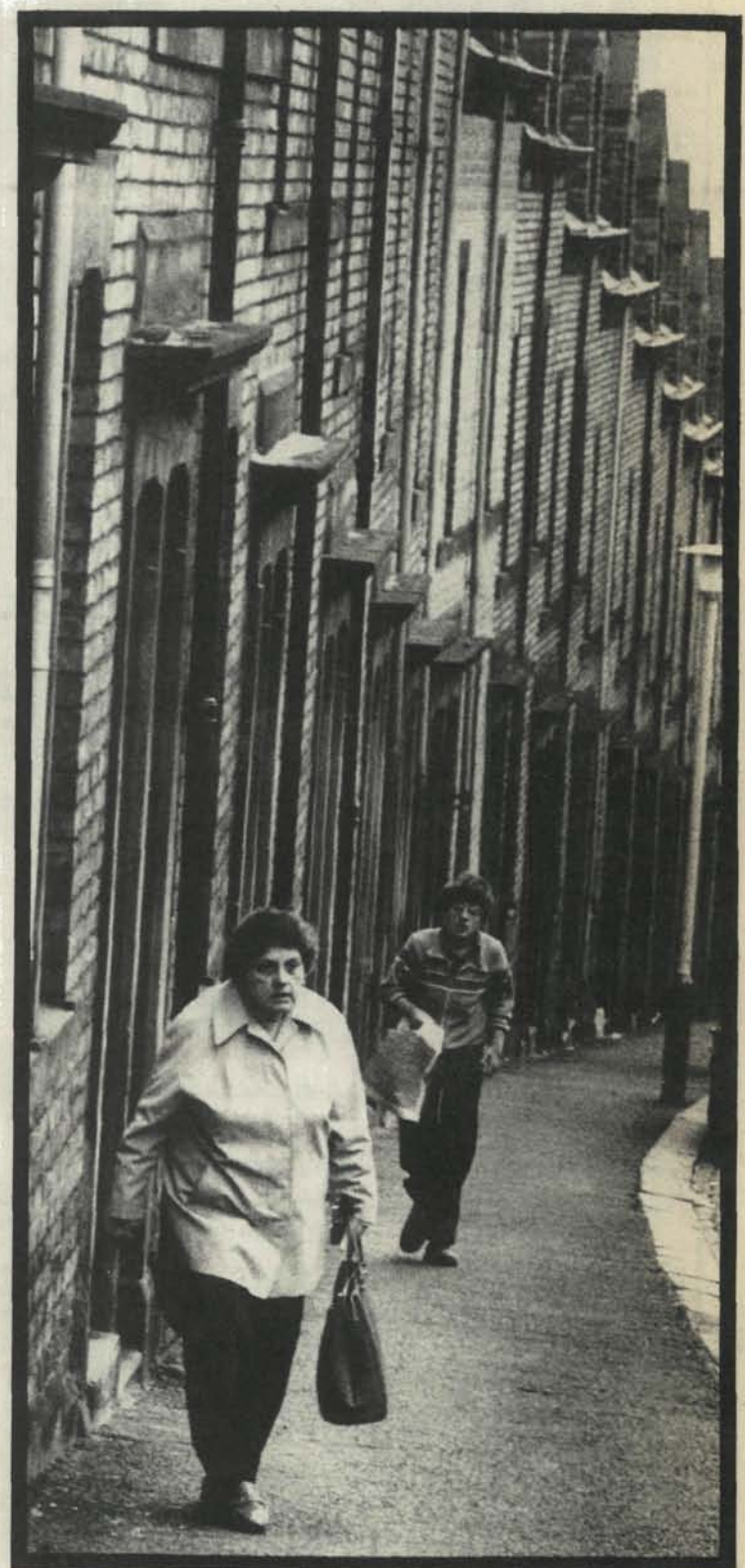
New Statesman



Oxford's gilded yobs

Peckham by-election

Nadine Gordimer



TWO NATIONS

What Whitehall's own figures reveal about Britain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
©1982 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-405 8471
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-405 4911/01-242 5484

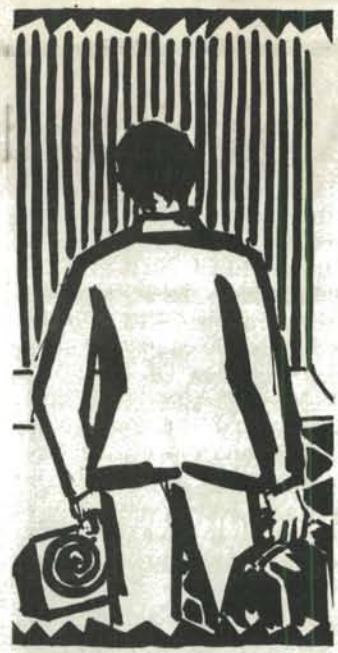
Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £26, Overseas £29
Air mail:
Europe £34, Middle East £36, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Cover photos: Camera Press & Laurie Sparham/Network

Two nations
The 1981 Census results have just been published. Peter Kellner reviews the evidence of the growing gulfs between rich and poor p.7

Having a smashing time
Francis Wheen sets the James Sainsbury case in its Oxford context p.9

Peckham's by-election
Martyn Harris goes out and about with the candidates p.14



Short story
by Nadine Gordimer p.27

Arts funding
Hugh Jenkins's view of the latest select committee report p.33

News: Local radio; Foam insulation; MSC; Birmingham hospital; State schools; CPSA; Glasgow row; Welsh republicans p.4-6
Patrick Wintour: In place of Sid Weighell p.10
This England p.11
Rob Rohrer: CS gas cover up p.12
Peter Kellner: SDP stumbles p.13
David Selbourne: A party divided against itself p.16
Diary: Christopher Price p.18
Roger Woddis p.18
Judy Dempsey: Poland's crisis p.19
David Gilmour: Spanish elections p.22
Alan George: Law and order in the Lebanon p.22
Tony Pereira: Dirty tricks in California p.23
Denis MacShane: Mendes France p.24
Bretécher p.26
Letters p.27

Lewis Jones: Fiction p.29
Christopher Price: Police powers p.30
Richard Pevear: Poem p.30
Barney Bardsley: Black feminism p.31
James Bentley: Mervyn Stockwood's autobiography p.31
Christopher Hitchens: Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley p.32
John Coleman: Films p.33
John Spurling: Art p.34
William Boyd: Television p.35
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.36
Weekend competition p.36
Hilary Bailey: First person p.37

Have you joined yet?

The housing crisis of the 1980s is different from the conditions Shelter was set up to fight in the mid-1960s. This new crisis – and government complacency in the face of it – demands a new response. Shelter's membership scheme is a vital part of that response.

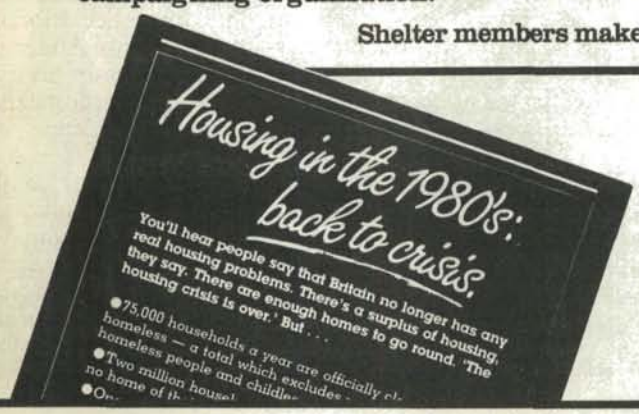
Shelter needs a broad base of support and involvement from individuals and the organisations to which they belong if it is to campaign effectively on behalf of the homeless. Membership is open to all those who share

- **a commitment to the homeless and badly housed;**
- **a belief that housing deserves greater priority;**
- **an understanding of the need for an active campaigning organisation.**

Shelter members make sure the campaign never loses touch with housing issues as they affect the homeless and badly housed. Members' ideas, experience and energy are Shelter's most important resource.

people need Shelter
NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR THE HOMELESS
Join the Campaign!

In return, members have access to Shelter's campaigning, research and information resources. They receive briefings on specific issues as they arise, as well as a quarterly newsletter and an annual 'progress report'. Members receive details of Shelter campaigns in their area in which they can take part – or through Shelter they can contact other members and organise their own. In addition, members receive a discount on all Shelter publications.


Housing in the 1980's: back to crisis
You'll hear people say that Britain no longer has any real housing problems. There's a surplus of housing, they say. There are enough homes to go round. 'The housing crisis is over.' But . . .
●75,000 households a year are officially cl-
homeless – a total which excludes -
homeless people and childle-
●Two million house-
no home of th-
●On-

is a new Shelter leaflet which describes the background against which the membership scheme has been launched.

If you would like a copy and an application form, please write to:

The Membership Secretary, Room 426, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1 8XF.

If you would like to distribute copies of the leaflet to colleagues or incorporate it in a mailing, please tell us how many copies you require.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

Vol 104 No 2692 22 October 1982

A black and white issue

THREE ASIAN WOMEN are in the process of causing the Home Secretary real political trouble. They have taken the government to the European Court on Human Rights over its immigration rules and they are going to win. An embarrassed Mr Whitelaw spent some time persuading the Prime Minister that it would be sensible to do the minimum required to bring British immigration practice into line with the European Convention on Human Rights. Reluctantly she agreed. Last week the 'lobby' system was used to break the news gently that a White Paper with minor relaxations was on the way. This week, Mr Whitelaw has been roasted by the Tory Home Affairs Committee on the grounds that such a move would hurt Tory chances in pending by-elections and divide the party in an election year. Chickens from Mr Whitelaw's past are coming home to roost.

When the Tories came to office in 1979, they did so on the basis of a manifesto that was deliberately racist. It was deliberately racist because Mrs Thatcher thought (and she was right) that there would be votes in pandering to prejudices about the British way of life being submerged under a tidal wave of black and brown immigration.

In particular, the manifesto promised to stop the 'concession' under which, since 1974, women already in Britain could bring their husbands and fiancés to join them. This proposal was designed specifically to appeal to those who, despite the lack of any supporting evidence, believed that there was a huge stream of bogus 'arranged marriages' between women in the United Kingdom and men in the Indian sub-continent, bringing tens of thousands of new Asian immigrants to our shores.

The political motive for putting these policies into the 1979 manifesto was crude and effective. With help from less fastidious Tory candidates, Mrs Thatcher was able to convey the clear impression that a vote for the Conservatives would be a vote for a government that would keep Britain whiter.

With his customary handwringing (and in the face of serious opposition from a substantial group of Tory backbenchers led by Mr Nigel Fisher), Mr Whitelaw proceeded to push through restrictions on the rights of women to bring in their husbands and fiancés. He faced and bravely ignored another part of that same 1979 Tory manifesto, which had stated that 'the rights of all British citizens legally settled here are equal before the law whatever their race, colour or creed.' At the end of 1979, he introduced regulations that were blatantly racist – and for good measure sexist as well.

They were sexist because, under them, men settled in this country could continue to bring in their wives and fiancées. But the reciprocal rights of women were removed. They were racist because, under pressure from his own backbenchers who were worried that their daughters would no longer be able to marry Americans, Australians and other whites and bring them to the United Kingdom, Mr Whitelaw amended his rules so that they did not apply to (overwhelmingly white) women who had been *born* in the United Kingdom.

It was pointed out at the time that the new rules were almost certainly in breach of Article 14 of the European Human Rights Convention. For this declares that sex is not an admissible ground for legal discrimination between persons. Lord Scarman made the point publicly at the time. But to the Tory government, breaching a European Convention (and offending against every canon of modern civil rights by discriminating on the basis of colour and sex) weighed as nothing in the balance against placating raw racial prejudice by excluding some 2-3,000 Asians at most from this country.

Mr Whitelaw may well not be out of the political mire, even if the government presses ahead with its proposals to restore to British women citizens resident here their rights in relation to husbands and fiancés. That would meet the terms of the present case by the three Asian women. But much expert opinion thinks that another test case before the European Court would find that removing such rights from non-citizens legally resident here would equally be in breach of Article 14 of the Convention.

Mr Whitelaw deserves little sympathy for the predicament in which he finds himself. Once you start making political compromises with the forces of pure prejudice, you deserve what you get. The positive point that the Labour Party should be making (and over the years should have been making far more strongly than it has) is that the United Kingdom is now a multi-racial society, not a white one; that this is a source of strength, not weakness; and that immigration rules cannot any longer be allowed that are based on any consideration of colour or country of origin. □

Police complaints

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY, complaints about the police were not regarded as a crux of police relations with the community. Then came the police raid on Railton Road, Brixton, in July 1981. Even Conservative opinion regarded the raid, which caused £8,500 worth of damage to residents' property, as vindictive and inexcusable. The subsequent inquiry into the raid was carried out by police themselves. Last October, William Whitelaw announced that no police officers would be prosecuted. He also announced that the government would reform the police complaints procedure. Two weeks later, the Police Federation suddenly dropped its opposition to an independent investigation of complaints.

The reform now being proposed is a compromise that will satisfy neither the Police Federation – which has consistently argued that any reform must introduce proper civil rights for officers under investigation – nor the critics of police unaccountability. In the most serious cases – such as the wounding of Mr Kenneth Anderson by a CS gas cartridge (see page 12) – independent assessors can call for an investigation. But it will be carried out only by police superintendents. Yet the truth about the shooting of Mr Anderson would not have emerged, if journalists not taken up his case and if he himself not been charged, which allowed his defence to examine both police and Home Office expert evidence.

The present compromise proposal only appeals to the upper echelons of the police force, because it involves no threat to their authority. Civil libertarians should listen to the complaints of the Police Federation, whose members are in danger of being made scapegoats to appease public disquiet, and form a common front for a thoroughgoing change of the system. Police officers who fired CS gas cartridges in Toxteth and stormed into Railton Road were, after all, acting on orders. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The monopoly the IBA failed to notice

LAST WEEK the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) readily upbraided the Hunt committee for favouring the creation of a toothless watchdog for cable television. Perhaps it should have been reflecting instead that its own controls over independent local radio are hardly adequate.

In particular, the allocation of the Guildford area franchise in December 1981 raises disturbing questions about the IBA's selection procedure and its readiness to prevent a monopoly of local political and media interests. Documents now in the possession of the *New Statesman* show that County Sound, the successful applicant for the franchise, had its origins in an 'informal committee of influential persons' in the local civic establishment and the local newspaper, the *Surrey Advertiser*. Some members of the IBA knew of the informal committee whose express aim was to influence what sort of local radio station Surrey would get several years before the franchise was awarded.

In the early '70s, the 'informal committee of influential people' was put together by Jack Penycate, then editor of the *Advertiser* and Professor Robert Williams, an electronics expert who owned a nominal radio company Guildford and Counties Broadcasting. The ostensible aim of the committee which maintained contact with the IBA throughout the decade, was to ensure that when local radio arrived it would be 'of a type suitable for the area.'

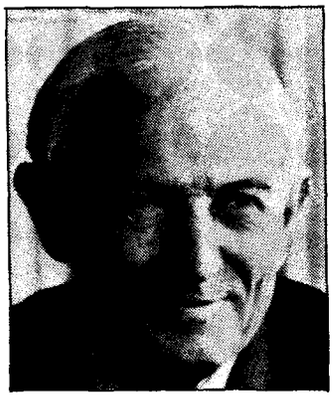
The committee members were drawn from the higher echelons of Surrey civic life. They included Lord Nugent of Guildford; Brigadier Bastin, Master of the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers and Conservative chairman of the County Council; Alastair Stone, Chief Executive of the County Council; the chief executive of Guildford Borough Council; the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Surrey; John Boyce presently enjoying his second term of office as Guildford's Lord Mayor; the local MP David Howell, now transport secretary; and a representative from the Bishop. Seven of the committee members were closely associated with local newspapers. Foremost among these was Ray Tindle, chairman of the *Surrey Advertiser* group.

When the IBA decided to bring local radio to Guildford, the 'informal committee' deftly transformed itself into a franchise applicant group, with the *Surrey Advertiser* taking a 50 per cent interest in Guildford & Counties Broadcasting. At that point, the dignatories receded into the background, though five members moved on to the board of the new company, which in 1981 adopted the more streamlined name of The County Sound. By that time, the shareholding of the *Advertiser* had been reduced to 6 per cent.

There were five submissions for the franchise, and the overall quality of the consortia was high. (West Surrey is liberally sprinkled with very rich media folk.) Of the contenders, Radio Weald was strongly fancied. The group had been formed by Jim Follett, one of the UK's leading radio writers, and Phil Foster, a Fleet Street photographer. It was chaired by Sir Robert Clark, chairman of Hill Samuel and a director of both British Leyland and the Bank of England, and supported by, among others, Julian Critchley, MP for Aldershot.

They had made considerable efforts to ascertain public feeling with a Marplan opinion poll and the best-attended public meeting of any held by the five groups individually. Additionally, Weald were most alert to the potential audience in North-East Hampshire. The area – Aldershot and the Blackwater valley – is actually more natural territory for commercial radio than Guildford itself.

The *Advertiser's* editor, Ted Adams, personally scrutinised his journalists' reports of the contest. On one occasion he deleted a comment that County Sound 'would work alongside the *Surrey Advertiser*'. Public disquiet about links between the paper and the radio station had made the issue a sensitive one.



Lord Nugent, ex-Guildford MP (above): one of the group referred to in the note (see below) taken by Alastair Stone of a meting in October 1977 with Tony Stoller, then the IBA's Senior Officer (Radio).

Radio Weald was not included in the IBA's final short-list of two. County Sound was, along with Andereida, widely considered an outsider. On 24 December, a day when news stories might pass unnoticed, the *Advertiser* revealed that the contract had been awarded to County Sound.

Chris Fox, Liberal leader of Guildford Borough Council, now says, 'Had local feelings been followed, the interests of the paper and the radio station would have been kept quite separate.' Dr Anthony Wright, who last year undertook a research fellowship for the IBA, comments: 'It's a classic example of the local establishment bidding for the local franchise. That kind of interlocking local control is exactly what the IBA should be trying to avoid.'

CERTAINLY, the award completes the circle of the monopolisation of power in the area. Newspapers owned by Mr Tindle dominate West Surrey and North-East Hampshire – precisely the areas which will be served by the new radio station. Mr Tindle is a director of 39 newspaper companies, mostly in southern England. Small wonder that, while the *Advertiser* was publicly proclaiming that 'newspapers are not afraid of local radio', Tindle himself was explaining to the informal committee that 'a local radio station in competition for revenue with local newspapers is undesirable'.

The IBA has consistently maintained that links between County Sound and the *Surrey Advertiser* are tenuous. The *Advertiser* still has its 6 per cent interest, and its managing director, Peter Wannell, sits on a 15-member board of the radio station. Norman Cunningham, chairman of County Sound, says, 'The group that won the franchise was very establishment – but they've all gone now, mainly through age. We're now a very democratic organisation trying to bring a successful radio station to the Guildford area.'

However, such protestations take insufficient account of the origins of County Sound, or of the fact that its company secretary, Kenneth Loughnan, is a solicitor who has advised Tindle for some time and is a director of a dozen of his companies.

In the IBA's eyes, one of the major recommendations of County Sound was the presence of Aidan Day as Vice-Chairman. Mr Day was former programme controller of Capital Radio. Shortly after the franchise was awarded, Mr Day opted out. 'I always made it clear that I would not be a person who wished to run the station', he told me. The IBA says he had to relinquish his directorship because he was a disqualified person, under the 1973 Broadcasting Act, as someone who makes and sells records. It is odd that neither the experienced Mr Day nor the IBA itself were aware of this difficulty at the time of the franchise allocation.

Bob Woffinden

Without disclosing much detail, I indicated to Mr Stoller that there was indeed to be a further meeting of the informal group of influential people on Friday of next week, when they would clearly be giving renewed thought to the position in the light of the recent BBC announcement.

T. A/S.

Health check for foam filler

FOR THE FIRST TIME, a study with official backing is to be carried out on urea formaldeyde foam, the most popular cavity wall insulation material in the UK. Despite its widespread use, no one other than the manufacturers of the four UF foam 'systems' knows exactly what is in them and why some appear to have harmful health effects. The study about to begin at Brompton hospital will examine the toxology of the foam systems.

Essex County Council has also asked the British Standards Institute, which approves the product without knowing its exact composition, to examine UF foam more carefully. Last Easter, Essex had to evacuate the St Thomas More School, Southend, after staff and pupils suffered symptoms of respiratory irritation normally associated with high levels of atmospheric formaldehyde.

Last week, Sir George Young from the Department of the Environment said on television that 'there is absolutely no risk whatsoever to human health' from UF foam. Though the foam systems are banned in the US and Canada, the British government appears to be discounting the studies on which this ban was based.

Neal Morris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jobless scheme gets reluctant approval

PUBLIC SECTOR unions this week gave a reluctant go-ahead to the MSC's new Community Programme offering temporary work for the long-term unemployed. Trade unions, Labour councils and voluntary organisations had opposed the scheme which pays participants £60 a week instead of the £89 paid under the Community Enterprise Scheme which it replaces. Acceptance now seems based more on their belief that a united boycott of the scheme could not be sustained than on any conversion to the merits of the new scheme.

The Manpower Services Commission had proposed that the CEP be expanded to provide work for more than the 30,000 people it was funding. This was turned down by the government. The Community Programme will offer 130,000 jobs, mainly part-time, without the training element in the CEP jobs.

TUC representatives on the Manpower Services Commission gave cautious approval to the scheme in July. Some senior NUPE officials would have liked to boycott it completely but there is a general reluctance to be seen to be out of step with the TUC during the health dispute. On Monday, NUPE divisional officers followed the example of NALGO in agreeing to issue their regional offices with guidelines for participation in the scheme.

There is still opposition from Labour councils and Sheffield City Council leader David Blunkett believes they won't take part in the Community Programme without some significant improvements. But it is now likely that most Labour councils will feel, like the unions, that they have no choice but to accept. Voluntary organisations, who are the other chief potential sponsors, are torn between rejecting a scheme which will do little to help the long-term jobless and their strong instinct for not looking a gift horse in the mouth. With about a third of the jobs expected to go to the voluntary sector, the Community Programme could be one of their principal means of support over the coming years.

Donald Hirsch

A very private NHS contract

ANGRY HEALTH workers in Birmingham are demanding an enquiry into the way senior administrators awarded a contract to a private company – despite their tender being far more expensive than one offered by the NHS's own staff.

The Birmingham Central Health Authority awarded the cleaning contracts for the city's dental hospital to Initial Cleaning Service, although it would cost the taxpayer £10,000 a year more than if NHS cleaners did the work.

NALGO, who organise administrators in the Health Service, claim it is a clear case of contracts being handed out to private enterprise for ideological rather than economic reasons and they are calling in DHSS auditors to investigate a possible breach of the Authority's financial standing orders. These say that the lowest tender for any contract must be accepted if the tender is technically competent.

Initial Cleaning Services previously held the Dental Hospital contract but reduced their price this year by £5,000 per annum to undercut NHS cleaners from the adjoining General Hospital in the City centre. This so-called 'saving' has been widely publicised by the Chairwoman of the Authority, Councillor Edwina Curry, who championed the rapid privatisation of the NHS at the Conservative Party Conference. But in her statement to the Press Mrs Curry has completely omitted to mention the existence of the cheaper NHS tender.

Howard Sharron

MISCELLANY

Lambeth rules on dress

Transvestites with Labour Party connections have become the latest choice for exposure by Fleet Street hacks to judge from recent articles in the *Daily Mail* and the *Standard*. Both papers have written that Tory controlled Lambeth Council cannot now consider a grant application from the Lambeth Under Fives Campaign because of an article which appeared in the September issue of their newsletter by Les Tate, a transvestite and Labour Party member. Although the offending piece was in fact about children's books, Lambeth social services chairman Russell Woodrow is quoted in the *Standard* as saying that he was 'highly disturbed that a publication written to help children contains an article by a self-confessed transvestite'. During a telephone interview with Tate's wife, Catherine, *Mail* reporter Anthony Doran inadvertently let on that Lambeth Council supplied the *Mail*, and presumably the *Standard*, with both the ageing newsletter (circulation 300) and a copy of this month's *London Labour Briefing* containing a piece by Tate about his liking for women's clothes.

El Sid on Sunday

Railway workers seem to have a strange knack for choosing leaders who suffer from political drift. One of Mr Weighell's predecessors was Jimmy Thomas who, in 1931, joined the National Government. This meant he was no longer a proper member of the Labour Party, a breach of the NUR's rules about its officers. He was therefore sacked by the executive who stopped his pension. Thomas hoped for a swell of grassroots feeling in his and his pension's favour, but his appeal was rebuffed by the union's conference by 75 votes to 5. Mr Weighell might have shared Mr Thomas's fate had he not resigned voluntarily. His pension is secure. But Mr Thomas was not the first NUR General Secretary to face the sack. He was preceded by Mr Harford in 1897, who was found drunk during negotiations.

MSC police persons

Here is a friendly warning to the people who work in the network of unemployment centres which wind unevenly round the country. If you have not yet been visited by a person from the Manpower Services Commission, go out now and whip down all those posters and messages suggesting that unemployment may be more than a natural misfortune. For the MSC has just confirmed that it has ordered its minions to visit all unemployment centres reminding them of the official four-point guidelines which prohibit, among other things, the centres from organising or participating in 'marches or demonstrations of any kind' or 'any action to be undertaken to intervene in industrial disputes'. Threats have been made that funds will be withdrawn, thus forcing centres to close, if there is any disobedience.

The MSC crack-down follows participation by a number of unemployment centre workers, who are also union members, in the TUC's Day of Action. The TUC claims to be extremely surprised about the new rigour being enforced by Tebbit-appointee David Young, now top man at the MSC. Only on 4 October did another of the MSC's men, David Maine, insist to the TUC that the centres were not going to be policed by the MSC. And though the MSC describes the guidelines as the old, well-known ones, one of their staff told a worker 'we now have a confidential memo that defines political action in a different way.'

Shocks in Sheffield

Surprising scenes were witnessed in Sheffield recently when normally sober citizens were spotted rushing into their gardens to dig large holes. They were the unhappy dupes of a mock warning of nuclear war broadcast on Radio Hallam. The purpose of the mock broadcast was to draw attention to a live studio debate on nuclear weapons.

But although the announcement was not particularly realistic and was followed by an immediate explanation and apology the radio station's switchboard was then jammed with complaints. But it did create more interest in the debate. Someone high up however was even more shocked and the presenter of the programme, Philip Gwynne, was suspended by Radio Hallam for two weeks following, he believes, pressure from the IBA. Mr Gwynne was then shocked to discover he had broken the rule against simulated news items, contained in the IBA's own code and the 1980 Broadcasting Act. Before the disciplinary action, says Mr Gwynne, no-one at Radio Hallam seemed to know the rule existed. While he fears for the live debate format of his Hallam Forum, devotees of *The Two Ronnies*, *Spike Milligan* and *Not the Nine O'Clock News* may fear that their favourite comics' extensive use of simulated news broadcasts may be ruled out of order.

Shelter at the inn

Well over 100,000 publicly-owned houses in Britain have been empty for a year or more, according to a new report from Shelter. At the same time, many local authorities are now putting homeless families into expensive bed-and-breakfast accommodation. The author of the report, Antony Fletcher, says that 'it seems to be the rule rather than the exception that public authorities who acquire property first leave it empty' – sometimes for as long as 15 years, by which time it is so derelict that it is too expensive to rehabilitate. Fletcher argues that any local authority ought 'to make all its residential property for which it has no immediate use available for use by others'. He adds that local councils should set up special teams responsible for empty houses, and should keep a full and public record of such properties. In a burst of bipartisanship, the report has been welcomed by John Stanley, the minister of housing, and Gerald Kaufman, the shadow minister. But what of the local councils themselves? The City of Manchester's director of housing dismissed the report as being 'not particularly well written'.

Attaboy . . .

Homes Wasted, £2.50 post free from Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London SE1 8XF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State schools survive on private money

STATE SCHOOLS in Essex are well on the way to being 'privatised'. A new survey reveals that some schools have to rely on private funds for over a third of their income and many are only able to survive through parents, children and local firms handing over large amounts of their own money to supplement local education authority (LEA) funding. They find the LEA's annual allowance for books and equipment too small to maintain adequate educational provision.

The survey has been carried out by the local trades council, revealing a new concern for the quality of services for consumers from trade unions. The survey concentrates on the 67 schools in the Essex Borough of Thurrock. Two-thirds replied in detail. Only six have not spent private money on *essential* items.

Over half the schools have not been redecorated for over five years; a third have not for more than ten. The survey records 27 self-help schemes carrying out repairs, repainting the school inside and out, repairing and maintaining footpaths. Seventeen schools depend on private funding to supply textbooks and library books. Many books are out of date and some students have to do without textbooks for GCE and CSE exams. At least three schools can only offer adequate music provision by paying staff from their own resources. Many schools have abandoned swimming lessons completely.

Local heads speak of a narrowing of the curriculum, no room for innovation, and a drop in the quality of schooling. One said: 'Educational technology is outstripping the resources being made available.' He pointed out that the LEA was allowing insufficient money for schools to introduce computer studies.

Essex spends less than the national average on books and equipment. It also has one of the worst pupil/teacher ratios in the country, so low spending on books and equipment is not being balanced out by a generous provision of teachers.

Rick Rogers

Labour trouble

STAN CROOKE, a supporter of the far left *Socialist Organiser* alliance, is almost certain to be expelled from Glasgow's Queen's Park constituency Labour Party this week for making unsubstantiated allegations of corruption among the city's Labour councillors.

The row surrounding Mr Crooke – which bears no relation to the controversy over the register of approved groups – is tied up with a fierce dispute between Glasgow's controlling Labour group of councillors and the District Labour Party over plans to sell 759 damp-ridden flats in the Gorbals to private developers (*NS* 3.9.82).

In the 9 September issue of *Socialist Organiser* newspaper, Mr Crooke wrote a long article on the history of the Gorbals flats (which are in the Queen's Park constituency), rounding off with a series of imaginative accusations. Labour councillors were, he claimed, not accountable to the District Party 'but only to back-handers from local building firms', the local Labour Party was 'moribund' and the Queen's Park MP Frank McElhorne – who died on 22 September – was 'an unscrupulous careerist'.

The Labour Group leader Councillor Jean McFadden condemned the allegations as 'vicious' but felt it was her duty to refer them to the police. The reaction from party members across the spectrum has been one of bitterness and astonishment. *Socialist Organiser* has printed a retraction which stands by the accusation that councillors are not accountable but 'unreservedly' withdraws the allegations of corruption.

The executive of Queen's Park constituency party held a special meeting last week to discuss Mr Crooke's position. Having heard him speak, they decided by a large majority to recommend to this Thursday's general management committee that he be expelled – a recommendation that is almost bound to be accepted.

The plans to sell the Gorbals flats have been temporarily shelved following protests from the district party.

Rob Edwards

Republican plot?

THREE YEARS of raids and intelligence gathering by police in Wales are now set to culminate in a conspiracy trial next year. The case has already attracted wide attention locally because of its political overtones and the long time defendants have been held in custody.

Eight Welsh Republicans – all but one of whom already faced explosives charges – have been charged with an alleged conspiracy stretching over more than two years. The charges had been widely expected and came only three weeks after Plaid Cymru president Dafydd Wigley MP wrote to the Home Secretary calling for a searching review of the conspiracy law, which has been widely used in Wales, particularly against the Welsh Language Society.

All the present defendants are members of the Welsh Socialist Republican Movement. Four have been in custody for six months and two for five. In earlier remand hearings – where reporting restrictions were lifted – several claimed to be political prisoners. One, Dave Burns, stood as a candidate in the Gower by-election.

The seven men and one woman are expected to deny all the main charges at their committal on 15 November. The hearing – in Welsh and English – is likely to last three weeks. Four are charged with possession of explosives, three others are accused of acting with intent to cause an explosion at an Army recruiting office and the last of acting with intent to cause an explosion at the British Steel offices in Cardiff. Each is also accused of conspiring with the other seven 'and other persons unknown' to damage unspecified property between 1 March 1980 and 25 June 1982.

The period of the alleged conspiracy is significant, covering two years in which police have mounted a number of 'fishing' raids on known nationalists (see *NS* 11 April 1980). There are now fears that the prosecution will try to draw the intelligence gathered from the raids into the conspiracy trial.

James Stewart

Right fights back

NEXT MONTH the High Court is to hear a case involving two defeated candidates for leading positions in the Civil and Public Services Association who allege that the ballot was invalid. Charlie Elliott who stood as union President and John Butcher, defeated candidate for the job of union organiser in the Department of Employment, claim that the ballot was so inefficient that the result cannot stand. Mr Butcher hopes the judge will rule that the election will have to be run again under a postal balloting system.

Accusations of corruption will not be made in court although Mr Butcher alleges that 'too many people handle the ballot papers and that politically motivated people have the opportunity to withhold votes they don't like'. Currently members vote individually in secret after ballot papers are distributed at workplace meetings at branch and sub-branch level. They are then added up at the branch and sent to Head Office.

In the elections a Militant supporter Kevin Roddy defeated Mr Elliott by 23,210 to 21,515. In the Employment Section elections a left-winger Malcolm Rennard defeated Mr Butcher by 4,629 to 2,905. Part of Mr Elliott's complaint is that only 29.44 per cent of the electorate voted. This compares with a 33 per cent turn-out the previous year when a right-winger won the election without legal challenge.

The CPSA has 961 branches. Of these 149 branches with 16,300 members did not send in any votes at all this year, 38 branches sent in their returns late, 23 sent in spoilt papers and 55 sent low returns. There is no means of finding out why the 149 branches failed to send in a vote. But it has been assumed that many branches simply did not bother to hold meetings – there have been a series of elections in the CPSA recently.

Mr Butcher is also complaining at the low turn-out for the election in the Department of Employment. Here 27,000 members in 143 branches could have voted: in all 7,350 members in 93 different branches did so. Forty one branches containing 26 per cent of the relevant electorate took no part. Butcher also claims branches have not returned ballot papers. Mr Rennard admits that the large number of branches not taking part is a matter of concern but says half of them had already been pinpointed as poorly organised branches in need of organisational reform.

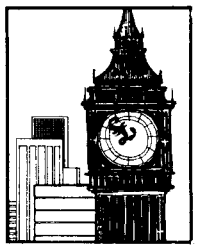
Before he brought the case, Mr Butcher had signed a circular alleging that four named left-wing individuals in the Employment Department bore a responsibility for the failure to send in the votes from their branch and this had, he implied, benefited Mr Rennard. No evidence has been produced to back this claim up.

The electoral system is complex and dependent on voluntary support. Suggestions for reform of the system from the Electoral Reform Society have already been accepted by the union. The outgoing executive intended to propose to the 1982 conference that votes be counted at Head Office, thus lifting some of the workload off branch secretaries' shoulders, but the item was never reached.

The Left see the Right's resort to courts as an attempt to discredit the Left in time for next year's elections. They also wish to know who is paying Mr Elliott and Mr Butcher's legal costs. It is expected that costs will be over £30,000. The Left has frequently accused the moderates of business funding, but Mr Butcher insists he is paying his own costs and has put his house on the market as a precaution.

Patrick Wintour

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For richer, for poorer

As the recession continues, we have become two nations in terms of housing conditions and employment. Peter Kellner examines the evidence

MARGARET THATCHER's Britain is more divided, economically and racially, than the country has been at any other point in recent times. This stark and worrying fact is derived not from any ropey left-wing polemic. It comes instead from the most respectable of all statistical sources: the 1981 census returns.

In April last year the government's Office of Population Censuses and Surveys conducted its latest ten-yearly count of every inhabitant of Great Britain. At intervals since, the OPCS has published details of its findings. The latest batch of figures,* out last week, provides constituency-by-constituency information about jobs, housing and race. For the first time we have a reasonably up-to-date, fine-grained picture of Mrs Thatcher's Britain, enabling us to look closely at individual communities, and to identify accurately the pockets of acute unemployment, bad housing, and high concentration of ethnic minorities.

The picture that emerges is not a pretty sight. It suggests some big question-marks over both the government's policies, and Labour's alternatives.

UNEMPLOYMENT is the problem that dwarfs all others at the moment. In April 1981, the Department of Employment registered 2,426,000 people as out of work. The same month the census found a similar number – 2,480,000 – without jobs and looking for work. The DE and census figures are virtually identical for men; the census has a slightly higher figure than the DE for women.

At first sight this provides powerful ammunition for the government to counter those who say that the official unemployment figures conceal up to one million unregistered jobless people. (In 1971 the census returns recorded a significantly higher level of unemployment than the DE, and it was widely expected that a similar discrepancy would show up this time.)

In fact, closer inspection of the census figures shows a hidden pool of unemployment amounting to at least 700,000 people at the time (and probably close to one million today). These are people – about 500,000 of them women, and 200,000 of them men – who have given up looking for work because no jobs are available, but who would be in work today if there were full employment. (Details of how these calculations were done are given on the next page.)

The overall scale of unemployment is bleak enough. Its impact on individual communities is devastating. The census results enable us to look at these with far greater clarity than is possible from the monthly DE figures. Even without the figures for concealed unemployment, and even without updating the statistics – almost one million people have officially been added to the unemployment total since the census was conducted – the plight of the worst affected areas is horrifying.

From the main regional unemployment figures published each month by the DE, and widely quoted in the press, it seems that the unemployment roller coaster is sweeping through the whole country. Some areas are affected worse than others, to be sure; but the gap between the South East (nine per cent) and the North East (18 per cent) is no more than one might expect at a time of nation-wide recession.

Looking at male unemployment constituency-by-constituency yields a somewhat different pattern. In 13 seats, all in or near major conurbations in the Midlands and North, more than one man in four was out of work in April last year. Add in estimates for hidden unemployment, and for the officially recorded increases of the past 18 months, and it is almost certain that in each of the 13 seats – marked with black spots on the map – more than one man in three is today out of work.

Contrast that with the stars on the map, scattered across South-East England. In these constituencies, fewer than five per cent of the male labour force was without work at the time of the census. Thus, while the worst region has an unemployment rate twice as bad as the best region, the rate for male unemployment in the worst constituency at the time of the census (Liverpool, Scotland-Exchange) was *ten times* the rate in the least severely hit constituency (Aldershot).

What emerges clearly from the detailed census returns is that the disparity *within* regions is as important as the disparity *between* regions. Next door to the former steel making town of Consett (male unemployment rate 31 per cent) is rural Hexham, with an unemployment rate of just eight per cent. In London, the unemployment rate in parts of Islington, Hackney, Lambeth, Southwark and Tower Hamlets was almost four times as great as in parts of Barnet, Bexley, Croydon, Harrow, Hillingdon and Kingston.

* Published in 12 OPCS monitors; £6 per set, plus p & p; available from OPCS, St Catherine's House, 10 Kingsway, London WC2B 6JP. Figures for Scottish constituencies are not yet available, and will be published shortly.

Unemployment black spots

Constituencies where male unemployment exceeds 25 per cent.

(Figures show numbers of unemployed males, aged 16-64 as percentage of 'economically active' population – ie, excluding students, retired men, and the permanently sick and disabled)

	Per cent
Liverpool, Scotland Exchange	43.5
Consett	31.3
Newcastle Central	30.6
Manchester Central	30.4
Birmingham Ladywood	29.8
Liverpool Toxteth	28.5
Middlesbrough	28.2
Birmingham Small Heath	28.1
Liverpool Edge Hill	26.9
Liverpool West Derby	26.8
Salford East	26.4
Gateshead West	25.5
Birmingham Sparkbrook	25.2

Unemployment bright spots

Constituencies where male unemployment is below 5 per cent

	per cent
Aldershot	4.3
Croydon South	4.3
Dorking	4.4
East Grinstead	4.4
Chesham & Amersham	4.4
Sutton & Cheam	4.4
Esher	4.5
Mid Sussex	4.6
Ruislip-Northwood	4.6
East Surrey	4.7
Farnham	4.7
NW Surrey	4.7
Woking	4.7
Chelmsford	4.7
Cambridgeshire	4.8
Guildford	4.9
Wokingham	4.9
Mid-Bedfordshire	4.9

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There seems, in fact, to be a universal law, that in any conurbation the unemployment rate in the worst-affected constituency is roughly four times the rate in the least-affected suburb. Thus in Birmingham, Ladywood had four times the rate in April last year as Sutton Coldfield, while in Liverpool, Scotland-Exchange had four times Crosby's rate.

Liverpool's figures tell us much about the background to last summer's riots. The neighbouring constituencies of Toxteth and Scotland-Exchange had, between them, the most intense unemployment problem of any inner city area in England or Wales. Out of 24,600 men available for work, 8,700 – 35 per cent – were without jobs.

Other details from the census add to the picture of desperation in these two Liverpool constituencies. The population of both had declined by one-quarter since 1971. They both had an above-average number of youngsters, aged 16 to 24. Scotland-Exchange contains some of Britain's most overcrowded housing – in eleven per cent of households, there is more than one person per room, compared with a British average of four per cent. And in Toxteth, ten per cent of households lack the sole use of a bath – more than three times the national average.

IN THE CASE of one politically sensitive indicator, however, Liverpool's Toxteth/Scotland-Exchange area conforms closely to the national average. 4.5 per cent of the people there live in households whose head was born in the New Commonwealth or Pakistan. The overall figure for England and Wales is exactly the same.

Measuring the size of Britain's ethnic minorities is an awkward problem, both politically and conceptually. Pilot questions tried out in some places to discover how people saw themselves proved unpopular and unreliable. And as an increasing number of black Britons are being born in Britain, the equation of a black face with immigration status is becoming less reliable or useful. The census definition of ethnic minorities – the head of the household born in a New Commonwealth country or Pakistan – is imperfect, but it is the best we have. (Parts of Toxteth have a substantial number of second and third generation of British-born 'blacks': these do not show up in the census.)

In the ten years to 1981, Britain's ethnic minority population rose by about one million to 2.4 million. What the census figures show is just how concentrated this growth has been, geographically. In 1971, in just six constituencies did the ethnic minority population amount to more than 20 per cent of the total. By last year the number of such constituencies had grown to 37. On the other hand, in whole swathes of Britain, the ethnic minority population remains below one per cent.

Of the 37 seats, 25 were in London and a further six in the West Midlands. In these conurbations, the contrasts between constituencies is far greater than even unemployment. Birmingham Ladywood has an ethnic minority population of 48 per cent, while just two or three miles away, less than one per cent of the population of Aldridge-Brownhills is, in census terms, non-white.

If we look at the other characteristics of the seats with the greatest concentrations of ethnic minorities, the condition of the four Birmingham seats stands out. Each had a male unemployment rate of more than 20 per cent; in each seat more than twice the national average of households had three or more dependent children; each seat is among the country's worst dozen for overcrowded housing. By all objective measures, Birmingham's inner city area is as much in need of Mr Heseltine's attention as Merseyside. But then, Toxteth rioted, while Ladywood didn't. Birmingham is, perhaps, paying the price of sensitive policing: its problems have received less attention from the media and from ministers.

Birmingham apart, the ethnic minority seats listed on this page defy two of the most common stereotypes. Their unemployment rates tend to be only a little higher than the national average, and are very far from being among the worst; and only in Bradford West and Southall is the number of dependent children substantially above the national average. In most seats the family-size pattern is explained by the age-structure: they tend to have more women of child-rearing age.

The one census indicator that correlates closely with concentrations of ethnic minorities is overcrowded housing. Each of the seats listed in the table has more overcrowded housing than the national average; in 13 of the 19 seats more than twice the national average proportion of households live more than one to a room.

CORRELATING the census results with political loyalties produces some striking findings, and one or two surprises. Each of the 17 unemployment 'bright spots' in south-east England returned a Conservative MP in 1979. These, however, were by no means dominated by ostrich-like Thatcherites, averting their gaze from the recession elsewhere. Two of the seats happen to contain the two 'wet' cabinet ministers sacked by Mrs Thatcher – Sir Ian Gilmour (Chesham and Amersham) and Norman St John Stevas (Chelmsford).

All but one of the unemployment 'black spots', on the other hand, returned Labour MPs in 1979. The exception was David Alton, who held Liverpool Edge Hill for the Liberals after overturning a large Labour majority in a by-election a few weeks earlier.

The 'ethnic minority' seats listed on this page are equally solidly Labour. The only one to return a Conservative MP in 1979 was Brent North, political home of the right-wing education minister, Rhodes Boyson.

It is one of the more common observations of recent years that Britain's politics have become increasingly polarised between the Labour heartlands of the Northern and Midlands conurbations, and the Tory shires and home counties. The census figures provide many of the details that underpin that trend. For anyone who cares to listen, last week's neutral-looking pages of statistics from the OPCS should sound a fearsome warning. □

How many 'hidden' unemployed?

In the case of hidden male unemployment, an estimate of the shortfall can be made two ways; both produce the same answer. First, the number of 'economically active' men – those with jobs or 'looking for work' – was 200,000 fewer at the time of the census than predicted by the Government in 1979. Second, looking at the figures on a seat-by-seat basis, it is clear that higher the unemployment rate, the higher the 'inactivity' rate – that is the proportion of men of working age who fall outside the main categories of employed, looking for work, or student. In Manchester Central, with a male unemployment rate of 30 per cent, a further ten per cent of men of working age are 'inactive'. In Aldershot, where the male unemployment rate is just 4.3 per cent, only 1.9 per cent of men are 'inactive'.

Overall, 4.3 per cent of men throughout Britain of working age are 'inactive'. In constituencies with relatively full employment, however, the average figure is just 2.9 per cent. The difference between these two figures amounts to 200,000 men, most of them living in areas of high unemployment.

Hidden female unemployment seems to be more widely spread. Here the main indicator is the gap between the number of 'economically active' women found in the census, and the number predicted in 1979. This gap is 500,000. Confirmation of the rise in concealed female unemployment is provided by the monthly DE Gazette, which shows that the *decline* in the number of women in work since the onset of the recession has been twice as great as the *rise* in the official number of jobless women.

New Commonwealth roots

Constituencies with more than 25 per cent of population living in households whose head was born in a New Commonwealth country or Pakistan

	Per cent
Birmingham Ladywood	48.1
Birmingham Handsworth	45.8
Southall	43.7
Brent South	43.0
Tottenham	40.8
Birmingham Sparkbrook	37.1
Birmingham Small Heath	35.2
Hackney Central	32.9
Newham NW	32.7
Newham NE	32.6
Lambeth Central	30.1
Bradford West	29.9
Brent East	29.9
Hackney N & Stoke Newington	27.2
Wood Green	26.9
Brent North	26.8
Leyton	26.6
Leicester East	26.1
Leicester South	25.7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VANDALISM

Having a smashing time

Following the conviction of James Sainsbury for being drunk and disorderly, Francis Wheen studies the history of upper-class 'horseplay'

'IT WAS A LOVELY evening. They broke up Mr Austen's grand piano, and stamped Lord Rending's cigars into his carpet, and smashed his china, and tore up Mr Partridge's sheets, and threw the Matisse into his water-jug; Mr Sanders had nothing to break except his windows . . .'

Evelyn Waugh's account of the activities of the Bullingdon Club at Oxford University was written in the 1920s. The recent antics of James Sainsbury and other Oxford undergraduates suggest that little has changed since then. Sainsbury, heir to £124 million-worth of his family's grocery business, went out to dinner in June at Thatcher's restaurant, near Oxford, with fellow members of the Assassins' Club. They set fire to the table cloths, smashed crockery, threw food at the walls, vomited on the carpet and tore curtains down. Sainsbury was fined £25 last week.

Vandalism by Oxford undergraduates predates *Decline and Fall* or *Brideshead Revisited* by many centuries. In 1298 a large group of Oxford students, armed with bows and arrows, shot and injured more than 50 local townspeople, many of whom died of their wounds. In 1354 a gang of students went drinking at a tavern called Swyndlestock. Displeased by the quality of the wine, they threw the wine vessel and its contents at the vintner's head. This incident led to the St Scholastica riots, when the townspeople, enraged by the students' attitude, invaded the university and killed a number of the scholars.

A book called *Hints for Oxford,* published in 1825, described the drunken Oxford students who 'sally forth to the street, with whoop and holla, to insult females and bully tradesmen, and break lamps and windows'. In 1870 some undergraduates stole valuable statues from the Christ Church library and made a bonfire around them. *The Times* considered it a cause for national shame that this 'most brutal and senseless act of vandalism' was committed by 'young men belonging to the higher classes of England, brought up in the midst of the most refined civilisation'.

In our own century the behaviour of upper-class students has continued to be as civilised as ever. When Angus Wilson went up to Oxford in 1932, he stopped eating his dinners in Merton College after only three weeks: 'In those first three weeks I had seen people throw bread at each other and had anticipated that before term was out this would have ended in bodily assaults.'

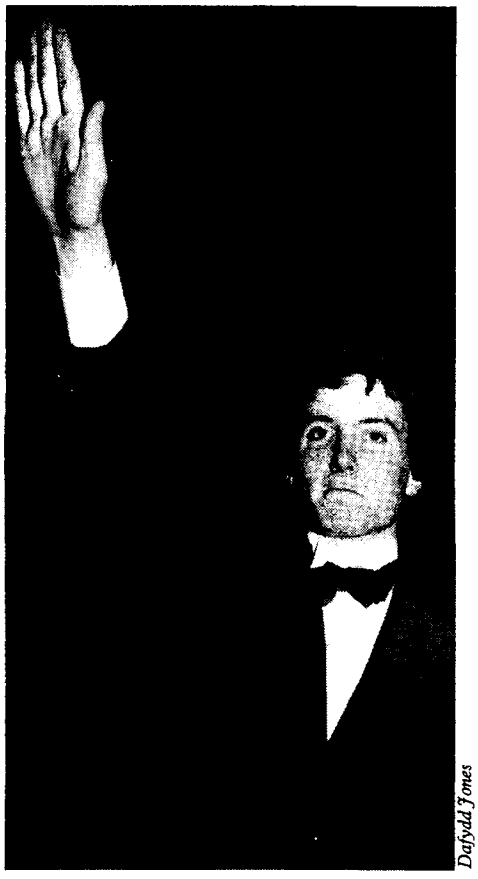
If James Sainsbury's hooliganism was in keeping with the traditions of his university, so was the gentle punishment which he received for his misdeeds. (When asked if he could afford the £25 fine and £25 prosecution costs, he replied: 'I expect I can manage it.') After the bow-and-arrow attacks by Oxford students in 1298, the local bailiff wanted to arrest the culprits; but the Chancellor of the university 'would not suffer them to be imprisoned, and threatened that the town would be burnt and the burgesses slain, if he arrested them'. In 1747, the Rev William Blacow was assaulted by students who supported the Stuart cause:

> I acquainted the Vice-Chancellor circumstantially and truly, with the whole of the treasonable riot. The Vice-Chancellor said, He was sorry for what had happen'd; but that nothing could prevent young fellows getting into liquor; but that they should be severely punished.

The 'severe punishment' involved making the students postpone their degrees for one year, and giving them a Latin translation to do.

SEAN PATON, co-editor of the student newspaper *Isis,* thinks that too much fuss has been made about the Sainsbury case. 'James Sainsbury's a pretty harmless bloke,' he told me. 'He just does silly things when he's drunk. To his friends he's a pretty reasonable bloke.' Paton adds: 'I think it's all high jinks. I don't think there are any political overtones.'

James Sainsbury behaving himself at a Monday Club dinner at Worcester College, Oxford



Dafydd Jones

However, Sainsbury and his chums are by no means apolitical. Most of the Assassins are also members of the Monday Club. (It was at a Monday Club dinner in November 1980 that Sainsbury was photographed giving what appeared to be a Nazi salute.) One of the founders of the Assassins, who asked not to be named, told me: 'It began in 1978 as a sort of right-of-centre social drinking thing. The Tory Left had a "fun" social thing and it was felt that the Tory Right should have one too. But the Assassins also had other people on the usual "tie" basis, shall we say.' Although the political side of the club was soon eclipsed by the 'social' activities, the members are still 'certainly right-of-centre, right of Enoch I should think'.

The behaviour of upper-class undergraduates has become noticeably more wild and ostentatious since Mrs Thatcher's arrival in Downing Street. 'There's a greater self-confidence now,' says one recent graduate.

Does it all matter? Some students wearily point out that the anti-social 'gilded youths' are no more than 1 per cent of Oxford's undergraduates; but they neglect to add that the people who make up this 1 per cent are the richest students, those whose future is most assured. It is not an undue exaggeration to say that they are the people who will go on to run the country: in a few decades' time they will be in Whitehall, in Tory cabinets, in City boardrooms or on the High Court bench. The parents of these characters are often highly tolerant of their offspring's misdemeanours; after all, they themselves committed the same sort of excesses 30 years ago and they cannot accept that it has done *them* any harm.

Indeed, some upper-class and upper-middle-class parents actually approve of 'horseplay' (a word which is applied only to their class; when working-class youths behave in a similar way they are called juvenile delinquents); so much so, in fact, that they continue to indulge in it long after leaving university. Barristers' dinners are a classic instance of this: at one dinner in Gray's Inn not so long ago, a female guest was forced to show her breasts to the senior barrister present as part of a 'mock trial' which took place as the port was circulating.

These rituals would, perhaps, not be quite so disturbing if it weren't for the fact that the people who practise them are those who are placed in authority over the rest of us. In 1920, the actor Raymond Massey was one of 'a small band of royalists and conservatives' who attacked some 'Communists and radicals' in the Fellows' garden of Balliol College, Oxford. Massey and his friends were 'gated' for a week: 'This decision resulted in the confinement to college at night of five loyal monarchists, including two future High Court judges.' Very good judges too, no doubt; whenever they had to pass sentence on working-class youngsters who had been a bit frisky, we may be sure that these old Balliol men let them off with a fatherly caution and a conspiratorial wink. Didn't they? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITISH RAIL

In place of Sid Weighell

Patrick Wintour and Mick Hamer describe the decline and fall of the NUR's general secretary and the election for a successor

JIMMY KNAPP HAS emerged as a strong runner in the race to succeed Sid Weighell as leader of the 170,000 strong National Union of Railwaymen (NUR).

Knapp is one of the three candidates that have declared themselves so far. He is the least-known of the three and, at 42, by far the youngest. The other two candidates, Andy Dodds and Charlie Turnock, are both assistant general secretaries. Knapp is only a divisional officer.

The election is likely to resolve into a straight fight between Turnock, who was seen as Weighell's right-hand man, and Knapp. Turnock is the obvious successor to Weighell in a union which has a tradition of promoting the senior assistant general secretary to general secretary. (The present senior assistant general secretary, Russell Tuck, is retiring in August and is not standing.)

Weighell wanted Turnock to succeed him. However Turnock's association with Weighell is one of his biggest disadvantages. He is not popular with many members, one of whom described him to us as 'Sid Weighell's hit man'. He is a former commando. This and his tactics in meetings have earned him the nickname of 'the bomber'.

Both Knapp and Dodds have similar backgrounds. They come from Scotland and both worked for the NUR in London. Dodds is unusual because he has worked his way up through the NUR's head office to become assistant general secretary.

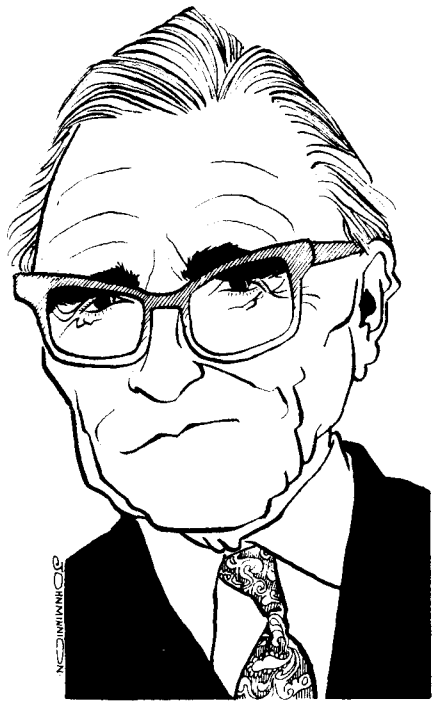
Knapp chaired the south east regional council of the TUC and has been closely involved in its work since it was set up in 1974. He helped to organise the People's March for Jobs. An associate described him as being 'an absolute stalwart of progressive trade unions politics'.

Because of his work in the south east, Knapp is likely to secure most of this area's vote. This is important because 35 per cent of the votes are in this area. He is also likely to secure a substantial vote in Scotland, as will Dodds. However, if Dodds does run third, as expected, most of his votes will then go to Knapp, because each branch casts its vote as a block – and has a transferable preference vote.

Despite the characterisation in the press of the fight as a Left v Right contest, the election will in fact be about wider issues, such as the relations with the drivers' union ASLEF, which sank to an all-time low under Weighell. There is little hope of improvement there if Turnock wins; but Knapp is likely to encourage co-operation between the two unions.

One of the smears that has already been used in what promises to be a particularly dirty campaign, is that when Knapp stood for assistant general secretary last year he failed his 'test'.

Under the NUR's rules, all assistant general secretaries have to pass a test, a rule which does not apply to general secretaries. Four candidates had been nominated for the vacant assistant general secretary place. Heading the list of candidates was Jimmy Knapp, with 191 branch nominations. Andy Dodds had 121, Brian Arundel 52, and a fourth candidate, Vernon Hince, 19.



Weighell wanted Arundel to win the election. Both Arundel and Dodds had previously passed the test and were not required to re-sit it. But neither Knapp nor Hince had.

The test on this occasion was unusually hard. Several sources have told the *New Statesman* that Turnock played a large part in setting the questions. Another source doubted that any NUR officer could have passed the test. Both Knapp and Hince failed.

SID WEIGHELL WAS elected General Secretary in 1975 on a reforming ticket. One of the reforms he most enthusiastically undertook was changing the structure of the executive. This had been left unaltered since the NUR's formation in 1913.

By 1978 the executive was as rotten as a rotten borough can become – for instance, the locomotive department, which had only 3,000 members, elected six members to the executive, the same number as the traffic section, which had 83,000 members. Weighell brought in two academics from Warwick University to break the union's impasse over reform. They reported in 1978. As a result, previously disenfranchised members were brought onto the executive.

The chief criticism this reformed executive developed of Weighell was not political, but constitutional. Weighell was accused of withholding information from the executive and, by the simple practice of choosing not to place correspondence in front of them, of preventing them from discussing issues. For instance, he kept the issue of shutting BR's parcel service from the executive for months and subsequently did not show them the letters of complaint from the membership in the National Carriers division.

Late in December 1981, he called the executive down to London for an unscheduled meeting to agree the issue of flexible rostering for guards. The executive had no warning that this issue would be discussed and Weighell did not tell them that British Rail was threatening that their extra 3 per cent wage increase agreed earlier in the year was now dependent on accepting flexible rostering. Subsequently, the union had to stave off a big rank and file rebellion against changes in their rosters, while ASLEF was left to fight alone, including over the question of whether the 1981 wage agreement had made it explicit that an extra 3 per cent pay was dependent on the unions delivering on productivity. Even the executive's anger with Weighell for publicly attacking Benn was not at root political: the executive felt the tone of Weighell's criticism was damaging the image of the Labour Party and that, at the least, they ought to have been allowed to discuss it.

By the 1982 wage round, Weighell's relations with his executive were so poor that he had to use the more deferential union conference to overturn the executive's decision to call a strike over BR's offer of a 3 per cent wage increase. The strike call had been carefully considered by the executive. It was to have been the first national strike since 1926. It was quite clear that it was Weighell and other officials on the platform (not anti-strike delegates) who were giving the lead behind the scenes at the annual conference to stop the strike. The delegate who moved the motion to stop the strike, to refer the pay claim to the industry's arbitration tribunal headed by Lord McCarthy and insist that a recalled conference, and not the executive, should decide on McCarthy's findings, was not up to speaking to his complex motion. He just moved it formally and immediately sat down.

By the end of Weighell's reign, opposition to his autocratic manner had spread right across the political spectrum of the executive. His decision to ignore his conference mandate in the Labour Party NEC elections merely confirmed it.

Even old allies on the executive from the workshops, such as Jack Dunn and Ray McCormack, had deserted him. At the special conference last week, formerly relia-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ble votes such as that of John Stokes, an ex-mayor of Middlesbrough, had also deserted him. It was no longer possible for Weighell to blame the four communists on the executive, or the activists in the recently formed Broad Left group. But he persisted in his conspiratorial mentality. All opposition, from whatever quarter, was to him illegitimate. The executive began to feel so isolated from their officers that they started to meet unofficially in the absence of the full-time officers. Such was the chasm that these came to be known as 'staff side' meetings.

Weighell's final refusal to let the executive use its own building to hold a press conference and its own stationery to distribute its case to the membership seemed to be a final reminder of its impotence. If Weighell had been resurrected by the special conference last week, there was little doubt among the executive about the consequences. Weighell had already said that he thought a full-time lay executive, constantly on call at the union HQ at a cost of £250,000 a year, was too high a price to pay. The executive would have to become part-time, he said.

Although on the morning of 13 October most attention was focused on the acceptance of Weighell's resignation, the afternoon decision of the conference may have greater long-term importance for the union. The debate on the McCarthy proposals – the original reason why the conference had been recalled – seemed to the delegates an anti-climax. But McCarthy firmly established the principle of linking pay to productivity. The NUR has had to agree in effect to one-man operation of electric trains on the St Pancras to Bedford line. This establishes the principle of trains without guards, means the loss of 3,000 jobs over three years and opens the way to running all commuter trains without guards – as soon as BR can afford more new trains with sliding doors. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Superintendent Tony Parkes, from Devon and Cornwall, said there must be codification of the power to search. He said: 'It is the right of every member of the public, every citizen, if he wishes, to be able easily to be searched. What can happen to him should be able to happen anywhere in England and Wales.' – *Guardian* (A. J. Simanowitz)

☐ It is said that when Sir Peter, 57, resigned as chairman of Rockware Glass to become chairman of British Rail, his salary dropped by £42,000 – but still remained at £48,000, on the far side of poverty. 'I haven't noticed a lot of money,' says Lady Parker. 'Our standard of living is definitely not high.' – *Woman* (Mrs C. L. Smith)

☐ Andre Tchaikowsky, the pianist and composer, left estate, excluding his literary works, valued at £30,413 net. He requested his body be used for therapeutic purposes, with the exception of his skull which shall be offered to the Royal Shakespeare Company for use in theatrical performances. – *The Times* (A. D. Roberts)

Grant us this year.

The University Grants Committee – buffoon or axeman? For half a century the UGC was regarded as an example of British administrative genius, a private committee of academics which the Government trusted to share out hundreds of millions of pounds of public money among the universities and so guaranteed their freedom from political interference. A year ago all that changed. The UGC in its distribution of a much reduced university grant favoured some universities and penalized others. Now it is seen by many as "Big Brother" – over-mighty, over-secret, subservient to Government.
In his first ever newspaper interview Dr Edward Parkes, the UGC chairman, hits back at his critics and looks ahead to very different universities in the 1990's.
Next week his opposite number at the polytechnics, Mr Christopher Ball, offers an alternative view.

Also in the THES this week
- Quentin Bell on Veblen
- Norman Gash on Disraeli's letters.
- Geoffrey Jukes on Sino-Soviet relations

The Times Higher Education Supplement

On sale at your newsagent this week, 45p

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERSEYSIDE

CS gas cover-up

Rob Rohrer reveals clear evidence that police fired directly at individuals in Toxteth last July

THE CIVILIANS badly wounded by shotgun fire from Merseyside police marksmen during last July's Toxteth riots were 'struck by direct hits rather than ricochets.' Their 'wounds denote not hazard but marksmanship, and very good marksmanship at that.'

This previously unpublished opinion by an American ballistics expert has cast comprehensive doubt on the reliability of the Home Office ballistics research used in the prosecution of Kenneth Anderson, the Liverpool man who was nearly killed. A Ferret CS gas cartridge hit him in the groin, blew a five-inch cavity inside his leg, destroyed a large area of muscle and severed a main artery. Anderson was charged with affray and petrol bomb offences, which police officers claimed were connected with the shotgun incident. Last week, however, at his re-trial, a North Wales jury acquitted him on all charges after less than two hours deliberation.

Anderson's injuries – and those of four other civilians – occurred on 6 July 1981, when police marksmen fired more than 30 rounds of the US-made Ferret 12-bore cartridges towards crowds. As the *New Statesman* revealed last year (17 July 1981), Merseyside Police had flagrantly breached the manufacturer's strict safety warnings not to fire 'at any person or crowd'.

The new expert ballistics report was prepared for Anderson's defence, but was not introduced at Anderson's re-trial because his lawyers, faced with a weak and contradictory case by the prosecution, chose not to call any defence witnesses.

The report's American author – Jan Stevenson, a qualified police armourer, experienced marksman and editor of *The Handgunner* – was called in to give an opinion on whether the injuries in July to Anderson and Philip Robins, another bystander, resulted from direct shots, or, as Merseyside Police, and later the Home Secretary claimed, from ricochets or erratic fire.

After test-firing the Ferrets and considering the nature of the wounds – Robins was hit twice, high in the back and chest – Stevenson's report reaches four main conclusions:

- He dismisses any suggestion that the marksmen were 'flock-shooting', i.e. firing haphazardly, an explanation which the police sharpshooters involved themselves strenously deny.
- He puts it 'beyond the bounds of credibility that three ricochets could have produced three such wounds.' The shots that hit Anderson and Robins came from a Remington Wingmaster pump-action shotgun and were fired within three to four seconds.
- He says that, if the aiming was deliberate, the wounds and other evidence were proof of 'very good marksmanship'. He rules out the possibility that a police marksman could, as he claimed, have aimed at a traffic control box and missed at a range of only 20-30 yards.
- He finds a Home Office report on his test-firings 'flawed' and reaching conclusions 'precisely the opposite' of those supportable by the evidence.

The Stevenson report echoes the findings of an earlier defence ballistics report, produced for Anderson's first trial. Then, Professor James Turnbull, an ammunition and ballistics expert, also argued forcefully that the 'ricochet' explanation was highly unlikely and that the wounds were in fact caused by direct hits.

Further support for this view came in the re-trial last week from Liverpool surgeon Mr Robert Sells. He told the court: 'I find it impossible to accept any other explanation.' Sells was the surgeon who operated to save Anderson's life – nearly ten pints of blood were transfused – and found the eight matching fragments of Ferret canister in his groin. Other experts in plastics and chemistry consulted by Anderson's lawyers also leaned heavily towards the direct hit explanation.

BUT ONE EXPERT still prefers to disagree. Peter Prescott is head of the firearms department at the Home Office's Nottingham forensic science laboratory. He was first handed the Ferret fragments last July, shortly after the riots. At that time Merseyside Police did not mention any ricochet theory, or the fact that a traffic control box had been nearby, from which shots might have ricocheted. Prescott's initial report only contained the results of a single ricochet test – against the windscreen of a car (though no cars were in the vicinity at the time of the shootings).

Anderson's first trial earlier this year was adjourned while Prescott and Professor Turnbull carried out ricochet tests on a traffic control box. None of the firings could reproduce a ricochet that would fit the evidence – i.e. a deflection of a Ferret which, although fragmenting the missile and releasing the gas, still kept the shrapnel pieces tightly enough together to pass through a target, leaving only a half-inch diameter hole. Anderson's jeans, taken from Prescott's laboratory by Merseyside police before he could examine them, contained a neat half-inch hole, made by the Ferret as it tore into his leg. 'The Red Arrows would have been astonished by this kind of formation flying', remarked one trial lawyer cynically.

But Prescott stuck to his preference for the ricochet theory. Prescott only conceded that there 'was much more evidence . . . now available than when I started that they were direct hits.' Prescott had relied heavily at Anderson's first trial on the absence of any CS gas in or around the wound when the medical team operated on him. The liquid gas, on his theory, must have spilled out in flight after a ricochet had damaged the missile.

At last week's retrial, however, police witnesses could not recall smelling CS gas, even though they were among the first to reach Anderson, who lay within feet of where the Ferret was alleged to have ricocheted. During barricade penetration tests conducted by Stevenson and watched by Prescott, one damaged Ferret was found to be oozing CS gas. Neither expert could immediately smell the gas. Prescott, says Stevenson's report, 'had to hold the projectile quite close to his nose in order to verify that it was gas'. The medical team working on Anderson wore theatre masks and gloves. One explanation offered for the variation in effect of the CS gas is its age: Merseyside Police bought some of their stocks as long ago as the mid-1970.

But still the Home Office scientist plumped for the ricochet theory at Anderson's re-trial, saying he favoured it 2-1 against the possibility of a direct hit.

Stevenson's report also discusses the theory and practice of marksmanship.

> The human body normally presents a vertical target. One can afford a great deal of vertical error (elevation), but rather little lateral error (windage). An experienced marksman will therefore be at pains to minimise the windage . . . all three wounds (in Anderson and Robins) were within two inches of the vertical centre line of the body . . . the wounds in Messrs Anderson and Robins, assuming they were deliberate, denote good marksmanship, very careful attention to windage with all the error in the vertical plane.

THE TESTS, concludes Stevenson, 'entirely discredit the theory advanced by the prosecution'. The central importance of the ricochet versus direct hit theories in the defence of Kenneth Anderson lay in what his lawyers described in the first trial as a police conspiracy to cover up direct hits. Duty reports about the firing of weapons and the injuries caused were not compiled until days later.

Information was withheld from Home Office forensic scientists by police officers, appointed by Merseyside's chief constable to carry out an internal inquiry – even though the shootings should instantly have merited investigation by an outside force. At Anderson's first trial the traffic policeman who fired the three shots that hit the defendant and Robins was accused of having aimed deliberately at the men. In cross-examination it was put to him that he had boasted later at a police firing range that 'this is the gun I shot the niggers with'. The officer vigorously denied both allegations.

Even after Stevenson had been brought in to provide an additional ballistics opinion the Home Office placed considerable obstacles in his path, refusing him a permit to handle the Ferrets until three days before the Anderson trial began. Demands for a proper and impartial inquiry into the events of 6 July 1981 in Liverpool will now be difficult to resist, if the Home Office has any regard for truth. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOCAL BY-ELECTIONS

SDP stumbles

IN THE PAST 12 months the success rate of the Liberal-SDP Alliance in local government by-elections has declined by almost three-quarters. This issue of the *New Statesman* reaches the news-stands on the first anniversary of Bill Pitt's victory at Croydon: at that time the Alliance was entering its period of peak popularity, when it won two-thirds of all council by-elections. But in the past five weeks its success rate has been barely one-in-six. Of 46 seats to fall vacant, the Alliance has won just eight.

The SDP in particular continues to struggle. Since Roy Jenkins was elected leader on 2 July, the party has won only two of the 33 seats it has contested, obtaining on average just 21 per cent of the votes cast.

As the Alliance's fortunes decline, so the Liberals increasingly dominate the dwindling list of Alliance victors. They have won 19 seats since early July, and seven since mid-September. The same phenomenon is appearing at council level that has been projected for Westminster: when the Alliance does poorly, the SDP is almost wiped off the board, while the Liberals manage to win a scattering of 'winnable' seats – those where they have built up activity and support over recent years. In the past five weeks the Liberals have averaged 34 per cent of the vote in the seats they have fought against both Labour and Conservative opposition.

Since the beginning of July, 100 local council by-elections have been fought:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	41	11	10	40
Lab	38	9	5	34
Lib	14	5	10	19
SDP	–	–	2	2
Others	7	3	1	5

In the past five weeks, there have been 32 three-cornered contests; altogether 70,000 votes have been cast. The voting figures are: Conservative 25,516 (36.4 per cent), Labour 22,234 (31.7), Alliance 20,406 (29.1), Others 1,953 (2.8). Looking more closely at the seats fought, there seems to be a slight under-representation of Conservative areas, and a slight over-representation of Liberal areas. The overall levels of national support implied by recent local election results are approximately: Conservative 39 per cent, Labour 32 per cent, Alliance 27 per cent.

Peter Kellner

Research by Steve Walker

The Alliance Tally

Date	Place	SDP Vote	SDP %	Result
16/9	Cheshire*	1148	22.6	Con gain (Lab)
16/9	Manchester*	673	21.1	Con hold
21/9	Perth & Kinross*	356	31.9	Con hold
23/9	Stevenage*	333	46.3	SDP Gain (Lab)
23/9	Vale Royal	300	37.6	Lab hold
23/9	Kirkcaldy	145	19.1	Lab hold
30/9	Brighton*	513	19.7	Con hold
30/9	Portsmouth*	401	15.3	Ind hold
30/9	E. Kilbride*	417	26.4	Lab hold
7/10	Merseyside	646	29.0	Lab hold
7/10	Peterborough*	230	10.2	Lab gain (Con)
7/10	Devon*	992	32.2	Lab hold
7/10	Boston	235	14.6	Con hold
7/10	Knowsley*	293	20.1	Lab hold
14/10	Dartford*	244	13.0	Con gain (Lab)
14/10	Crawley*	343	18.0	Con gain (Lab)

Date	Place	Lib Vote	Lib %	Result
16/9	Sandwell*	2081	70.2	LIB gain (Con)
16/9	Beds*	580	14.7	Lab hold
16/9	Staffs*	787	29.9	Lab hold
16/9	Devon	1910	68.9	LIB hold
16/9	Cumbria*	320	16.6	Con hold
16/9	Wansbeck	394	40.1	Lab hold
23/9	Malvern Hills*	543	41.0	LIB hold
23/9	Doncaster*	850	27.7	Lab hold
23/9	Harrogate*	729	54.4	LIB hold
23/9	E. Sussex*	465	23.6	Con hold
23/9	North Wilts*	853	61.7	LIB gain (Con)
23/9	Sth Wight*	319	35.4	Con hold
23/9	Worcester*	267	20.4	Lab hold
30/9	Sefton*	1420	46.2	Con hold
30/9	E. Sussex*	517	19.8	Con hold
30/9	Croydon*	624	25.6	Con hold
30/9	Rochdale*	825	29.1	Lab hold
7/10	Waverley*	746	47.4	LIB gain (Con)
7/10	Edinburgh*	1605	45.1	Con hold
7/10	Castle Morpeth	474	37.1	Lab hold
7/10	Inverclyde	1034	68.5	LIB gain (Lab)
14/10	Watford*	509	28.7	Con hold
14/10	Waveney*	188	25.1	Lab hold

* *seats also contested by both Con and Lab*

Our interest rate has never been higher

★ **New developments in television**–Channel 4 and the cable controversy.

★ **The Reith Lectures**–Denis Donoghue asks what's wrong with arts criticism today.

★ **Understanding Wagner**–Humphrey Burton is your guide to the Ring Cycle.

★ **Thinking can be fun**–Edward de Bono explains his revolutionary methods.

★ **World Cup Chess**–Week-by-week commentary by William Hartston.

★ **Every Issue** carries a 7-page Viewer/Listener Guide to the coming week's BBC drama, music, films and features.

Regular contributors include Shirley Williams, Barry Took, Gerald Kaufman, John Peel, Frederic Raphael, Nicholas Kenyon and Gavin Millar.

That's just a sample of the challenging, informative, entertaining reading you'll find in The Listener in the weeks ahead. Ask your newsagent to reserve a copy for you every Thursday, price 50p.

THE LISTENER

IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE:
Lord Annan gives his views on the Hunt Report.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY-ELECTION

Politicking in Labour's backyard

Martyn Harris follows the candidates round Peckham, where polling takes place next Thursday

ONE OF THE BEST questions to ask Parliamentary condidates is where they live. This is hardly ever in the constituency and somehow they always get embarrassed and start blustering about how their aunty lives down the road, or how they used to deliver papers in the next borough-but-one.

Harriet Harman, the civil rights lawyer and Labour candidate for the south London constituency of Peckham, lives in up-and-coming Kilburn in north London, but says she does 'a lot of work' in Peckham and plans to move there in January. Tory John Redwood, who looks like a young pension fund manager which, astonishingly, is exactly what he is, says he lives 'ten minutes up the road'. This turns out to be Lower Thames Street in the heart of the City, which might be ten minutes away by Harrier jump-jet but is more like 15 in a Porsche Turbo.

SDP man Dick Taverne's biography says he lives 'at Vauxhall Bridge, just 15 minutes away'. Aha, chronologically exact, but which *side* of Vauxhall Bridge? It turns out to be the north bank, near such proletarian gathering places as the Tate Gallery, the Chelsea Flower Show and Dolphin Square.

There is no real need for all this coyness either. Parliamentary candidates apart – or perhaps included – no-one in their right mind would actually *choose* to live in Peckham. It is a hideously ugly slice of south-central London with some of the nastiest social conditions in Bri n.

Natural Labour territory you might think and, complicated by a few boundary changes, the area has been represented by Labour MPs with thumping majorities since the war. Freda Corbet from '45 to '64; Minister of Labour Ray Gunter from '64 to '72 and Harry Lamborn up until his death this year, when he bequeathed a 10,811 majority – 60 per cent of the vote – to his anointed successor Harriet Harman. Peckham is, quite literally, Labour's backyard – with the national party headquarters in Walworth Road and a formidable structure of co-operative societies and trade unions based within the constituency.

SO WHAT is Dick Taverne doing in Labour's backyard? He has been talking centre party politics almost since he entered Parliament as a Labour member in 1962. No tormented soul-searching in Kentish Town or Limehouse; no blinding light on the road from Brussels. Taverne was urging Roy Jenkins to form a new party as early as 1971, during the Labour battles over entry to the EEC. Taverne is, in short, the kind of authentic SDP Mr Clean who would stand a good chance in any of the Alliance 'winnables'; and yet has chosen, apparently, to chuck it all away on Peckham.

Closer to, however, things look a bit different. For one thing, Taverne knows how to win elections. His original by-election victory at Lincoln in 1962 was a tremendous upset for the Tories, though rather overshadowed by the Liberal victory at Orpington a week or so later. After defying a three-line whip by voting for EEC membership in 1972, he resigned his seat and fought it again as an independent, winning a sensational 13,000 majority over the official Labour candidate.

His Peckham HQ is a giant converted mission hall, buzzing with formidable middle-aged ladies and cheerful young men in anoraks. An earnest lady in spectacles asks cryptically if I have been 'filtered through yet', but is deflected by Taverne himself, a springy, greying athletic figure in Observer-offer Guernsey, red check shirt and those smart casual trousers that used to be called slacks.

'No I don't live in the constituency,' he replies to the first question. 'I've no connection with it at all,' which gives him an advantage that he proceeds to press home. He says he dropped out of the short list for Cambridge and decided to fight Peckham because it was 'a challenge'. More specifically, Taverne thinks the Labour vote is soft. 'Labour has taken it for granted that this is their natural territory. At the last election there was a 56 per cent turnout. This time we'll be lucky if it's a 40 per cent poll. It's an area of *utter* disillusionment.'

So far he has made most of the running. He has focused on housing as his main issue and has sent out questionnaires to 25,000 council tenants to hear their complaints. Fairly ineffectual in practical terms but a good PR stunt. He was first to react to news of a National Front march on 23 October by firing off a demand for a ban to the Met and a request for a prosecution under the Race Relations Act to the Director of Public Prosecutions, who he addresses as 'Tony'. Harriet Harman belatedly followed up with a request to the Home Secretary for the ban to be made selective, but it was Taverne who got the headlines in the local press.

A *Daily Mail* poll last week gave Taverne a 21 per cent share of the committed vote, but, as he points out, Roy Jenkins climbed from 17 per cent at Warrington to 42 per cent on polling day.

IN THEORY, Taverne could just scrape home if the Tory did really well, but he won't. Even allowing for the fact that he does not like the *New Statesman*, John Redwood seems an extraordinarily unsuitable Conservative candidate for this sort of area. A PhD in philosophy, Fellow of All Souls and investment adviser to Rothschilds, he responds to questions like a pre-occupied suburban bank manager being asked for an overdraft. Blank incredulity followed by tolerant amusement at the sheer idiocy of the request. You have to prise his jaws apart with a car jack to get a three-syllable answer.

'What do you think of the proposed National Front march?'

'No 'pinion on it.'

'You don't care about a racially provocative demonstration taking place in the constituency five days before an election?'

'Matter for th' police.'

Probably some joker in Central Office thought they'd give him a hard time before sliding him into the House for somewhere like Brentwood or Chelmsford.

CONVERSATION with Harriet Harman is equally fragmented, taking place mostly at about 70 miles an hour in a succession of brightly coloured X and Y registration hatchbacks, tearing through the red lights of Peckham to one late appointment after another.

'We want a campaign that will really mobilise ordinary people – turn left here – it's not just getting in a Labour member – Can you pull back to let him through?'

'A significant defeat for a leading member of the SDP could destroy them – Please don't run over any of my constituents – We are talking about welcoming black and brown people to the community – I think we're here.'

'Here' is the Carib centre, a hostel for homeless black youths where the welcome for the Labour campaigners is polite but not exactly ecstatic. 'Why do you ask blacks to vote for you when all the nationality and immigration laws were initiated by Labour?' asks one leader. Harman, the NCCL lawyer, steers the conversation around to her pet subject of legal rights for arrested young blacks but the Carib people are not overly impressed. 'I read a lot about you in the *Guardian*,' says one, 'but most people around here don't read the *Guardian*.'

Later, in a school playground a young mother tells her cheerfully: 'I am a racist. I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't, but I just can't stand them.' She is still unmoved after a few minutes' earnest lecture on solidarity with oppressed ethnic groups, and Harman retreats nonplussed.

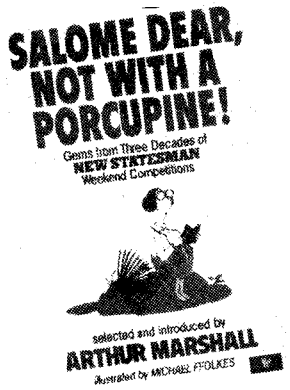
She also has the disadvantage of defending the record of Labour councils, which have presided over much of the present decay in housing and services. Not surprisingly, she has chosen to make unemployment her main issue, but the answers are all a year or two away in Labour's *Plan For Jobs* and don't have the immediacy of Taverne's relentless hammering on the housing question. She has also allowed herself to adopt some of the 'Peckham belongs to me' attitude of the local party machine and seems over-concerned with talk about mass mobilisation and consciousness -raising.

She won't lose the election. She can't lose the election, unless she does, in which case she might do worse than to hang on to the house in Kilburn for a while. □

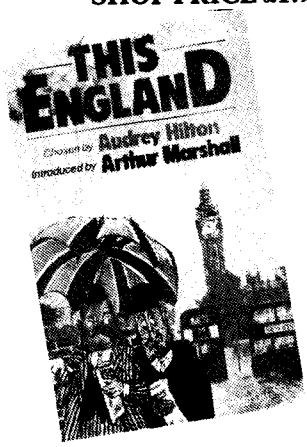
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Save up to £10 with this Christmas offer!

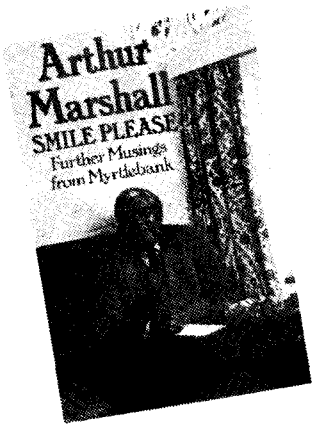
FREE — one of these new books when you start *subscribing


SALOME DEAR, NOT WITH A PORCUPINE!
Gems from Three Decades of NEW STATESMAN Weekend Competitions
selected and introduced by
ARTHUR MARSHALL
illustrated by MICHAEL FFOLKES

Salome Dear, Not With a Porcupine (Unwin) . . . wickedly clever . . . deliciously funny gems from two earlier books of entries to the NS Weekly Competition
Paperback, 5x7¾in., 144 pages
SHOP PRICE £1.95



This England (Allen & Unwin) . . . selection of the inane, insane and characteristically British items which you cull from the Press
Hardback, 5½x9in., 184 pages
SHOP PRICE £5.95



Smile Please by Arthur Marshall (Hamish Hamilton) . . . 48 of Arthur's weekly musings in the NS . . . cheeky, dotty, perceptive
Hardback, 5½x9in., 198 pages
SHOP PRICE £6.95

Start an NS *subscription before Christmas — and you will have one of these new books, priced up to £6.95, entirely FREE!

You can choose which book to have — a gift at the special subscription rates shown in the order form below.

What's more — you will save £££s on the cost of buying the **New Statesman** any other way. For example: our top offer — *24 weeks of the* **New Statesman** *plus the £6.95 book "Smile Please" for only £11* — would cost £21.35 in the shops . . . so you save £10.35!

We are offering two kinds of subscription . . . "Personal" and "Christmas Gift".

PERSONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS — The **New Statesman** will be posted every week to your address (UK & Eire addresses only, please) starting as soon as we receive your order.

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS — A subscription to the **New Statesman** makes a unique and satisfying gift to a friend. We will post the **New Statesman** to your friend's address (in UK & Eire only, please), starting from our Christmas Double Number — with which we will send a **New Statesman** greetings card in your name.

Unless you tell us otherwise, we will send the free book to you.

Frustration by Claire Bretecher (Methuen) . . . collection of cartoons like the ones which delight/enrage/mystify NS readers each week
Limpback, 8½x12in., 70 pages
SHOP PRICE £3.95

***Subscriptions and books must be for UK & Eire addresses only — sorry, no overseas orders due to postal costs**

FREE BOOK SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

Your name (BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE) .....

Your address .....

.....

Please tick the offer you want:

13-week NS subscription	+ SALOME DEAR £6.00	☐
16-week NS subscription	+ BRETECHER £7.50	☐
20-week NS subscription	+ THIS ENGLAND £9.50	☐
24-week NS subscription	+ SMILE PLEASE £11.00	☐

Please enclose your cheque/postal order (payable to "New Statesman") for £ . . . . . .
Please tick the subscription you want:

PERSONAL, sent to you starting now ☐

CHRISTMAS GIFT, starting from our Christmas Double Number ☐ sent to:

Your friend's name (BLOCK LETTERS please) .....

Your friend's address .....

.....

Please send this order form, with your payment, to: UK & Eire addresses only
New Statesman, Free Book Subscription Offer, Freepost (no stamp required), LONDON WC1V 7XD.

THIS OFFER MUST CLOSE ON 13 DECEMBER because our subscription rates must go up then. So why not order now?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A party divided against itself

In the wake of the row over the Militant Tendency, David Selbourne argues that traditional categories of 'left' and 'right' have less and less meaning in the internal tensions of the Labour movement

THE political incubus, or dead weight, of the trade union cart-horse weighs increasingly on the future of the Labour Party. But the reticence of the Left, especially the middle-class Left, about discussing it in public remains constant. It seems to be a taboo subject – except of course among hostile extra-party commentators – this combination of bureaucratic authoritarianism, the block vote, political reaction and cultural inertia, which characterises so much of the world of the trade unions.

Moreover, there is a fierce class struggle of a very special kind now going on inside the party. In it, increasingly crude forms of workerism, or class chauvinism at the 'grass roots' of the movement – such as Militant represents – are battling it out with the social democratic benevolence, individual Jacobinism and pragmatic muddle of the party's ruling consensus. Yoked together from expediency, union drays are doubtless helping to heave the creaking bandwagon of parliamentary centrism towards the next election. But much more important is that Militant, and its class meanings, will not disperse merely because an anathema is pronounced against it from the (Broad Church) pulpit.

Deep internal social and class divisions are not new in the Labour Party: the gulf between a Crosland and a Cousins, or a Crossman and a Gunter – or a Benn and a Skinner, for that matter – have always been a feature of its composition at all levels. But, under the stress of the economic crisis and Labour's failures, these divisions are becoming increasingly obvious. Of course, the struggle has always been a complex one, and never more so than now, with various class and sub-class representatives marooned on the 'wrong' sides of the division. Thus there are stalwart proletarians (though not many) amid the party's ruling cadre; middle-class liberal radicals (how many?) who have attempted to disguise themselves as proletarians; and even a patrician democrat (though only one) in the swelling ranks of the plebeians. In fact the discomfort of Tony Benn's position on the back of the workerist Tiger is obviously increasing: his support for Michael Foot is merely one token of it.

Of course, the old-style middle-class socialists and social democrats, in search of the salt of the earth among 'real' workers, always deserved to get their fingers burned for the patronising stupidity of it. But being forced increasingly to reap the whirlwind of working-class reaction, masquerading as socialist militancy (or Militancy), is more than they bargained for. This kind of politics – 'The Labour Party is a workers' party, and should be reclaimed for the workers', as Peter Taaffe has just put it – has already seen off the gentrified Shirley Williams and Roy Jenkins. But even left middle-class socialists are likely to get it in the neck too, if the tendency continues.

Now it ought to go without saying that there is no necessary connection between a 'workers' party and a socialist one. Yet it needs pointing out to Tony Benn among others, as the stridency of the 'grass roots' increases, that the politics of working-class chauvinism and the Wilfred Pickles economics of 'money on the table' has not much to do with socialism, and a great deal to do with labour; and above all with labour as working-class reaction in a time of severe social, as well as economic crisis. It is a politics less of ideas than of origins, and an economics with less of morality than of muscle. Not even a 'socialist plan of production', nor the 'take-over of 200 monopolies', nor a 'massive programme of public works', as proposed by Militant, should be interpreted too naively as being by definition 'left' politics. After all, they were being advocated in this mood, and with this kind of narrow class anger, in the Germany of the last world crisis.

RHETORIC alone cannot subdue these problems, nor a spate of leaflets paper over the deeper divisions in the Labour Party. The trouble is that there is no available *lingua franca* – but only a babel of discordant accents – in which to conduct a discourse about them; no wonder that there is such silence on the taboo subjects. And if one were being very honest, no elector would be encouraged to trust a fraying rope-ladder, flung across these fissures, plaited as it is out of the Alternative Economic Strategy, a 'right-wing' NEC and the Red Flag sung in halting chorus.

In fact, the ideological changes which are taking place – not just in the Labour Party, but in the whole national political culture also – have made deeply problematical the very categories of 'right' and 'left' in respect of the Labour Party's various policies and positions. Moreover, there has always been as much labour conservatism – in defence of community, jobs, rights and traditions – in the Labour Party, as reforming radicalism in the Tory; and now as much reaction on the 'left' as on the 'right' of the Labour Party.

After all, it is by no means self-evident that the unquestioning defence of welfarism, or 'comprehensive' education, or even full employment, are *inherently* progressive; or will prove, in the long run, any more progressive than the present defence of the party constitution, or the veneration of 19th century socialist idols. And closing ranks around ageing sacred cows, among them the baronial rights of Tammany Hall, merely because those rights are under attack by the Tories, is a recipe for deserved political disaster.

So is the Labour Party's prospectus for the next election. It is not just that the temper and political preferences of the Labour voter are not what the Labour activist thinks, or hopes, they are. The truth is more bitter. Under Labour, unemployment will not be reduced to one million in the life of the next parliament, or the one after; there is not going to be a 'massive' expansion of public provision without equally massive economic revival; and, as long as economic decline continues, there is not going to be an upsurge of progressive politics among the working class in Britain – that is, a politics which is pacifist, anti-racist, anti-sexist or even liberal democratic, let alone socialist. Above all, the desperation of activists must not be confused with a revival of the party's impulse. Even a victory at the next election would be *faut de mieux*, rather than out of genuine popular enthusiasm for the Labour manifesto.

Meanwhile, the problem of reshaping, and mobilising, the latent cross-class constituency for a progressive and libertarian radicalism of the mid and late 1980s, around an essentially reactionary trade union movement, is still being passed over in silence. The central dilemma is not even that of who should lead such a renewal. Instead, it is how a 'moral crusade', as Tony Benn describes it, can be launched in conjunction with a gang of Tammany trade union bosses and an increasingly lumpenised 'grass-roots' workerism in the big cities.

A first step would be to recognise the true political nature of this entrenched trade union, and rising plebeian, reaction; instead of vainly trying to harness them both to the task of a fundamental reconsideration of the very meaning of social and economic progress, and of the ways to achieve them. But to get beyond this, another party division, much more decisive than that which gave birth to the essentially conservative SDP, would be needed; one which separated the cart-horse from the cart entirely. Since such a parting of the ways is not on the agenda, and Tony Benn's perspectives are at bottom illusions, the outlook for the Labour Party in the next decade must be considered exceedingly gloomy. □

David Selbourne is Tutor in Politics at Ruskin College, Oxford.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 2nd NEW STATESMAN Low Collection

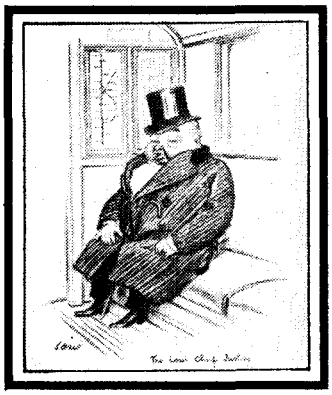
Hilaire Belloc 1926

Arnold Bennett 1926

Joseph Conrad 1926

H. G. Wells 1926

Lloyd George 1926



Lord Chief Justice 1926

Marie Stopes 1933

J. H. Thomas 1926

MORE HISTORIC PRINTS

from only £3 each

Fifty-six years ago, the NEW STATESMAN commissioned the young David Low to sketch the famous of the day. We reproduced his sketches in 1926 and published a second series in 1933. They helped to establish Low as the 20th century's greatest political cartoonist.

Extra copies of his sketches were printed, stored and forgotten – until they were found in our vaults last year.

Last autumn we offered a selection for sale. Now we offer a new selection (illustrated above) with a few (see order form) from last year.

These reproductions are a little blemished by age but are in acceptable condition. As we said at the time: each is 'printed on special cartridge paper by the finest offset process available'. They cannot be repeated in this form: Low's original drawings and the printing plates were destroyed before the war.

The reproductions are available in two ways:

● MOUNTED and FRAMED at £15 each (**to UK and Eire addresses only** – sorry, no overseas orders due to packing problems) including postage and VAT. The mount is dark brown, the frame is plain mid-oak hardwood, about 11in. wide by 13¼in. deep.

● UNFRAMED at £3 each (**to UK and Eire addresses** – overseas prices on application) including postage and VAT.

The framed prints will make original and pleasing Christmas gifts. To be sure of receiving them in time for Christmas, please order before **Wed. 24 November.**

ILLUSTRATED ABOVE	FRAMED @ £15 each	UNFRAMED @ £3 each
Hilaire Belloc		
Arnold Bennett		
Joseph Conrad		
H. G. Wells		
Lloyd George		
Lord Chief Justice		
Marie Stopes		
J. H. Thomas		
NOT ILLUSTRATED		
Albert Einstein		
P. G. Wodehouse		

Number framed..... Remittance £ .....

Number unframed ..... Remittance £ .....

TOTAL £.....

If any of the prints you want have sold out, may we substitute:

Winston Churchill Yes ☐ No ☐

Ramsay Macdonald Yes ☐ No ☐

If 'No', we will refund your money. Prices are for UK and Eire addresses only. For overseas addresses, please apply for prices of unframed prints (sorry, framed prints not available). Please allow up to 28 days for delivery.

Send this coupon to: **LOW PRINT SALES, NEW STATESMAN, FREEPOST** (no stamp required), **LONDON WC1V 7XD.**
Cheques/postal orders payable to 'New Statesman'.

PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS

Name.....

Address .....

..... Post Code .....

Your signature.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Christopher Price

Back to Sheffield for National Education week to recharge my socialist batteries before a new term of parliamentary games. In spite of the relentless march of factory closures, everyone I meet exudes confidence. Twenty years ago, when I arrived on the City Council, it was still a municipally pompous place, with lovable touches. My fondest memory is of our enormous, uniformed functionary, Mr Janaway, asking permission of the chief whip at half past four, to make the tea in our equally enormous municipal solid-silver urns. 'Shall I mash now, sir?' he would say and soon we'd be trooping off to attack great heaps of ham sandwiches and angel cake. Then it was just running a city, now it's a desperate attempt to regenerate it. Bill Michie, reselection victor at Heeley and chairman of the Employment Committee, is busy pumping ratepayers' money into private industry. He's just saved Viners from the Receiver and Britain from an increased flood of Taiwanese knives and forks. The Council's strategy is to monitor the results of Heseltine's enforced privatisation and publish cast iron proof of the benefits of public enterprise which have served them so well in the past. Walking from my 6.30 am bus (10p for four miles) to the station to catch the Master Cutler the next morning, past Park Hill flats (to build which the Public Works Department undercut Wimpey by £2½m), I resolved to vote with even more will than ever against David Howell's attempts to break Sheffield's 'Fares Fare' policy and all the evil plans for futher privatisation – a frightening 1984 Saachi euphemism for 'jobs for the Tory Boys'.

○

From the élite cadres of socialist Sheffield, to the doorsteps of the Burgess Ward of socialist Peckham, canvassing for Harriet Harman, so that she can tie Willie Whitelaw up in knots on his Police Supremacy Bill next session. Though I did meet one elector who wasn't voting Labour till Tony Benn was leader, all too many were just worried about Labour's infirmity of purpose. They yearned for the days of Ben Tillett and feared Maggie had more bottle than Michael. It's clear that Labour's voluminous programme now needs a solid, professional marketing effort. Not that we could either afford, or would wish to hire Saachis; but the delicate warp and weft of our policies on defence, public ownership, and unemployment need careful and sophisticated promotion over the coming months – especially in view of the careful and sophisticated distortion they will receive in the *Express* and the *Mail*, at the hands of the hired editors of my Lords Matthews and Rothermere. Though there are quite a few SDP Posters amid the incipient Wates gentry of Camberwell Green to the south of the constituency, I failed to find a single Tavernite in Rolls Road (yes, named after our greatest engineer, by the Bricklayers Arms, off the Old Kent Road). To them, the SDP were simply a reminder of Labour's past dithering. Though we will clearly win this election, much more determination and charisma will be needed to win the big one next year.

○

Though there's much consolidation to be done in Labour's heartland, it's nice to see the Tories worried about theirs. Throughout their headlong assaults upon the Trade Union Movement and local government, they were unaccountably complacent about their proprietary grip on the Church of England. Its current metamorphosis from the Tory Party at Prayer to the CND on the March, terrifies them. It goes far beyond disarmament. Suddenly the amoral cynicism of suburban, Thatcherite doctrine is on trial and found wanting. It may be that the 'man in the pew', according to an LWT poll, still narrowly backs the bomb; but I can only wish John Austin Baker, the Bishop of Salisbury, well in his head-on clash with the Prime Minister. Though turbulent priests have always had a good track record in challenging secular authoritarianism in England, it is a brave Bishop who tells Mrs Thatcher to her face that 'nuclear weapons are a direct denial of the Christian conception of Peace'. High and low though she may search, she will be hard put to find a St Francis of Assisi quote to support her side of the argument.

ROGER WODDIS

Things of good report

The Bishop of London, Dr Graham Leonard, is to resign as chairman of the General Synod's Board for Social Responsibility over the Church of England report calling for unilateral nuclear disarmament.

The Church's shock sensation,
  Which leans upon our Lord,
Has caused such palpitation,
  I've had to leave the Board.
Amid this sad upheaval,
  One truth is understood:
While man is partly evil,
  The Bomb is wholly good.

If all our fears are tribal,
  And reason does most harm,
Then let us burn the Bible
  And keep our strong right arm.
Henceforward my behaviour
  Must change towards the Cross,
Not kneeling to our Saviour
  But crawling to the Boss.

We can but pray with passion
  That none will be enticed
To be a slave to fashion
  And follow Jesus Christ:
His blood when nations quarrel
  Increases human worth,
And what we deem most moral
  Is ending life on earth.

○

The Church was up to even more mischief last week; in collusion with the E1 Division of the Home Office, they allowed Church House to be used for a further subversive gathering – the 4th International Conference of Data Protection Commissioners. In jesting mood, the Commissioners had met in Britain – the one substantial European country with no data protection legislation in force – and the Home Office moles had quietly invited opposition MPs to stiffen resistance to the more outrageous bits of Mr Whitelaw's forthcoming Bill. Its most objectionable clauses will centre on 'special cases and exemptions' to registration. Even where computerised data banks have to register, they will, according to the Government White Paper, be able to pass over any personal information to the police and the security services without telling the individual concerned or, indeed anyone else. So the Bill seems set to resemble an MI5 charter. It will be first introduced into the House of Lords; whether their Lordships prove doughty defenders of the citizen's privacy and liberty, or Mrs Thatcher's poodles, is yet to be seen.

○

I took part in a late-night LBC phone-in on charities last week, with an inebriate Ben from Harrow: 'Jew know that Etons' akshally a sharity?' 'Yes Ben, what was your point? 'Jew know that Etons' akshally a sharity?' LBC deftly countered with 'Elasticated Pampers Protect Babies from Wetness Like Terries Never Could'. Much as I agreed with Ben's message, which repays repetition, I would have preferred to respond to the soothing, ebriate tones of the disembodied advertisement. My new-found grandfatherly status has made me once more a diaper expert. I find that the manufacturers – Colgate-Palmolive, Procter & Gamble et al – are spending £8.5m this year in converting British mothers from washable to disposable nappies and have even formed the Disposable Baby Napkin Manufacturers Association to produce implausible statistics alleging that disposables are cheaper. They are certainly easier, with press studs instead of safety pins. But at £5 a week, they're far more expensive and quite beyond the reach of mothers on social security who, I am sure, would prefer more cash. The advertising budget alone would produce a charitable £11 Christmas present for every baby in Britain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN NEWS: POLAND

Ruptured relations

Judy Dempsey analyses the limited options now open to Cardinal Glemp and General Jaruzelski

Camera Press

Glemp: opting out of the triangle

SINCE 8 OCTOBER and with the dissolution of Solidarity, Poland has been plunged in a new crisis. It focuses on the role of the Catholic Church and General Jaruzelski's future. Last year, Poland's problems were compounded of three complex issues: whether or not it was possible for an independent trade union to exist within a communist state; whether or not the Polish United Workers' Party (the Communist Party) could be reformed; and whether or not it could regain its legitimacy in Polish society.

Now the focus has shifted considerably. The two key questions today are, what is to be the role of the Catholic Church in Poland; second, can any future Polish communist party secretary maintain stability in Poland, without continually resorting to force, if he has not got the support of the church?

Traditionally the church has provided spiritual and moral leadership in Poland. Its political role, however, was more subtle. It acted as a mediator between the authorities and Polish society. In return, though only on a temporary basis, the church gained concessions – the right to build churches, the granting of new licenses for churches, the printing of bibles. In practice, the church formed part of a political triangle with the Communist Party and the Polish working class. With the introduction of martial law, the triangle steadily gave way to a straight polarisation.

The Primate of Poland, Archbishop Josef Glemp now knows this full well. Moderate statements about martial law won him no concessions from the authorities. During the past ten months, parish and local priests moved closer to Solidarity and openly questioned Glemp's statements. Only in recent weeks has Glemp begun to be aware of the real temperature of Polish politics. One thing is certain. He has personally rejected the validity of the old triangle.

This was made clear when he declined to meet General Jaruzelski on 6 October. According to Vatican sources, Jaruzelski had set his own timetable for the week leading up to the dissolution of Solidarity. On Wednesday 6 October, he would meet Glemp; Thursday, Glemp would go to Rome; Friday, the authorities as a gesture of good will would announce details of the Pope's long awaited visit to Poland; Saturday, the authorities would outlaw Solidarity, the pill having been sweetened; Sunday, Maximillian Kolbe, the Polish priest, would be canonized. Whatever the reasons – maybe under pressure from the other Polish bishops – Glemp refused to meet Jaruzelski, refused to go to Rome and refused to continue the political game. Jaruzelski was badly let down.

Where does the Primate go from here? His options are limited. One priest close to Glemp told me in August: 'Glemp doesn't want to play the role of mediator. Mediation means acting between two strong sides. This doesn't exist. The authorities hold all the power. Solidarity is outlawed, powerless. Glemp will not act on this basis . . .' Glemp's own political judgement will rest on several factors, including that of the spiritual role of the church and the brutality of the martial law regime.

But Glemp and the church have only one real choice: to take the offensive. Given that choice, the position of General Jaruzelski must be in doubt.

The challenge facing Jaruzelski is complicated. By dissolving Solidarity he publicly stated his position: there can be no dialogue with the workers because any real dialogue threatens the leading role of the Party. It is possible that by dissolving Solidarity, Jaruzelski has provoked the church in order to assess its real strength. Whatever his motives, the position he has created is personally unstable. It will be difficult for the Party to resume civilian control, for martial law was primarily introduced not to quash Solidarity but to save the remnants of the divided Party.

But, Jaruzelski has given way to pressure from party hardliners, who are interested in ousting him when he has served his purpose – to restore order at any price. The anniversary demonstrations planned for 10 November will be a critical test of his position.

Certainly, by dissolving Solidarity, Jaruzelski has cut himself off from the church as an ally in any negotiations. Today the church is deeply bitter about martial law and the beatings inflicted by the ZOMO and police. On 15 September, Cardinal Franciszek Macharski in Krakow went so far as openly to accuse the police of gratuitous violence.

Jaruzelski now has few options open. His only hope is that, by using the necessary force, he can reassure Poland's allies that he is able to maintain order and at the same time protect the leading role of the Party. Ideologically, keeping the Party intact is all that matters for him now. But without the traditional triangle of Polish politics, his position is weak. □

ON THE GAME

CITY LIMITS

In this week's CITY LIMITS:

Prostitution in London
Supply, demand . . . and who takes the rap.

Art of Glass
Musician Philip Glass talks to David Ilic

London Film Fest
behind this year's festivities

Eamonn McCabe
this sporting lens

Crossword
the latest from Angst

Maggie's Farm
Steve Bell escapes from the barn

Horror story
Fleet Street's sexual problems

The Spanish elections
hasta la victoria?

PLUS:
The complete guide to films, theatre, politics, music, television, sport, art, jumble sales, radio, children's events, food, poetry, books, news, nightclubs and meetings in London.

The Londoners' London Guide
Every Thursday 50p

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give someone and they'll feel Give them they'll feel like

For the vast majority of today's unemployed men and women, dole money is a poor substitute for the real thing.

And that is work.

Because getting up in the morning to do a real day's work, can restore the dignity and self-respect worn away by months and months on the dole.

So that's what our new scheme, called the Community Programme, has to offer.

Work for people who haven't worked for some time. 18 to 24 year olds who've been out of work for six months or more, and people 25 and over who haven't worked for a year or more.

Where will this work come from?

Look around you. It will come from all those jobs that need doing, but just aren't being done at the moment.

The sort of jobs we've shown in the box.

Work of value to the community. Paid for with a proper wage based on an hourly rate.

In each case, no work will be taken away from anyone, as each project must be something that otherwise wouldn't have been done.

Not everybody joining the scheme will be working, or want to work, full time. But two or three days a week on the Community Programme can pay more than the dole.

Yet more important is the opportunity many will get to be trained in new skills. And to get back into the habit of working.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dole cheque like a statistic. work and a human being.

The Community Programme will provide thousands of people with the chance to rebuild their confidence.

Clearing canals and footpaths.
Working with children.
Renovating furniture for use by social services.
Making parks from derelict sites.
Renovating old property.
Improving sports amenities for public use.
Insulating lofts.
Gardening for disabled people.
Building a day care centre in a church hall.
Tree planting to replace dead elms.
Maintaining toys and furniture for playschools.
Redecorating for elderly people.

Working with other people. And doing something that's not only helping themselves but also useful to the community.

The Manpower Services Commission will provide the resources but the work itself will come from local authorities, voluntary bodies, the churches, community groups and industry.

The Community Programme takes over from the very successful Community Enterprise Programme which already provides 30,000 places.

But the new Community Programme aims to extend this to 130,000 places by next September.

Providing work for something like 200,000 people a year. Many of whom will be able to use the experience to get back into permanent jobs.

The idea has received wide support – including the CBI and the TUC.

Because it takes people off the dole and gives them work instead. And, with work, self respect.

If you'd like further details on how to join the scheme, or how to sponsor it, your local Jobcentre will be glad to provide the information you need.

The Community Programme.

Work for people who haven't worked for some time.

MSC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPAIN

Darling of the Right

David Gilmour reports on the continuing influence that Lt-Col Tejero is having on the Spanish election campaign

Madrid

IF GUY FAWKES had not been burnt but had been placed under house arrest in a luxury apartment with full freedom to see visitors and to plot new conspiracies, it would have been strange enough. If he had also been permitted to form his own political party and put himself forward as a candidate for the institution which he had tried to blow up, it would have been stranger still. Yet Spain's 'Guy Fawkes', Lt-Col Antonio Tejero Molina, has been allowed to do all these things. Last week, following a judgment of the Spanish courts, he was accepted as the first candidate at the top of the lists of his party, Solidaridad Espanola.

Tejero, who this summer was given a 30-year prison sentence for leading the assault on the Spanish parliament last February, is not the only candidate for these elections who despises the parliamentary system. Of the 608 candidates contesting the 32 seats in Madrid, a large majority would like to abolish democracy in Spain. Two-thirds of them belong either to the extremist Right, or to the extra-parliamentary Left, whose most distinguished member is the Civil War Republican general, Enrique Lister.

Lister, an old-fashioned Stalinist who left the Communist Party many years ago, has no chance of winning a seat. His only aim is to capture as many votes as possible from the Communist leader, Santiago Carrillo. But, although it is inconceivable that the far Left could elect a single deputy, it is just possible that the extremist Right could win one or even two seats in Madrid. It largely depends on the appeal of Tejero.

In the last elections in 1979, the various fascist parties banded together and were able to elect Blas Pinar, the leader of Fuerza Nueva ('New Force'). This time Blas Pinar will have to fight on his own, competing with three different Falangist parties and Tejero's Solidaridad Espanola.

The most remarkable thing about the Spanish Right is its timelessness. To judge by the statements of its leaders, you would think we were still in 1936. 'Spain is disordered and disunited,' says Blas Pinar, 'and we want it to be united and in order.' As in 1936, the Right believes that the only solution is a military one. Fuerza Nueva is very close to the most extreme elements of the army and includes the wives of at least ten military officers in its electoral lists. Colonel Munoz Gutierrez, who was the man behind the coup planned for 27 October, is a close friend of Blas Pinar and his wife is a candidate for the senate in the lists of Fuerza Nueva.

While Blas Pinar has a certain following among bored middleclass youths, the historic party of the Spanish Right, the Falange, has practically no support at all. Its surviving members look, dress and sound much as they did in 1936. Only one Spaniard in 300 voted for them in the 1979 elections and even less will do so this time.

UNTIL THE LATEST coup scare at the beginning of this month, Tejero was living in style on the outskirts of Madrid. He was waited on by a servant and most days received quantities of caviar, champagne and oysters from fashionable ladies of the Barrio de Salamanca. There were no restrictions on his visitors.

Tejero's most important activity during the last year has been the organisation of his party, Solidaridad Espanola. He has been able to do this quite openly from his 'prison'. A programme has been produced and a list of candidates drawn up. While Tejero himself heads the list in Madrid, his son is the first candidate in Valencia and his daughter the first in Sevilla. Although the aims and ideology of the party are not altogether clear, the first objective is to elect Tejero and thus to ensure his freedom.

The propaganda of Solidaridad Espanola is a little more subtle than it used to be. Last year Tejero's supporters were handing out leaflets which said: 'Spaniards, if you don't want your wives and daughters to be raped and your sons corrupted by pornography, demand the release of Tejero. He will help you.'

By putting forward a candidate who swaggered around parliament last year waving his gun at the deputies, Solidaridad Espanola is making the political system look silly. But it also realises that its political work helps to cover up the more sinister side of its activity.

In the last few months, the headquarters of Solidaridad Espanola have become a meeting place for the most right-wing military officers and the most extreme and violent of the country's fascists. It is obvious that these people have wider aims than electing the absurd Tejero to parliament. Last week the magazine *Cambio 16* provided a few clues as to their nature. It quoted from a letter it had somehow acquired which Lopez Montero had sent to some of Tejero's closest followers in August. In it the party's Vice-President asked his correspondents to begin forming 'cells of six persons' which would organise teams that would 'harmonise the aggressiveness of the youths with the experience of the mature members.'

Lopez Montero told me that the letter was a forgery, but it was hardly a convincing claim since he has not issued a statement denying his authorship. If the letter is genuine, and there is little to suggest that it is not, then it is clear that Solidaridad Espanola is trying to organise a paramilitary organisation. Why else does it need these small cells and teams of 'aggressive' youths'?

Spaniards have reached to Tejero's candidacy with a mixture of disgust that it should have been allowed to happen and derision for the man and his ideas. The political leaders have ignored him almost entirely. The Communist leader, Carrillo, merely remarked that he hoped there were not enough Madrilenos 'to vote for a gangster like Tejero'. The Socialist Felipe Gonzalez said that if Tejero was elected he would try to get him blackballed: and then said that he was not going to mention him again during the campaign. The former Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez, who now leads his own Centre Party, refused to mention Tejero's name at all and simply said that the law would have to be changed to prevent 'that person' standing again.

The tone has changed since then and the headquarters of the party in the Calle Atocha have produced a rather anodyne leaflet full of platitudes about the right to work and the importance of a just agrarian policy. There is nothing about the kind of government Tejero's party is proposing. When I asked Angel Lopez Montero, who is Vice-President of the party as well as Tejero's lawyer, what system he favoured, he answered in all seriousness, 'A presidential system with a parliament and political parties'. He also claimed that he believed in liberty and freedom of expression, although he later said he was not in favour of unrestricted freedoms but of 'liberty with responsibility'. Similarly, there were to be certain restrictions on the political parties which would be allowed to operate.

Lopez Montero is not a buffoon like Tejero but a clever, determined lawyer with fanatical eyes. He cares as much about the Spanish parliament as Guy Fawkes did about the English. □

MIDDLE EAST

Israeli law and order

Alan George reports on the situation in south Lebanon

BEIRUT AND THE MASSACRES captured headlines around the world, but less notice has been given to the way in which in south Lebanon the Israeli occupation has unleashed a rash of human rights violations that cumulatively come close to matching those horrors. Recent incidents show how the Israelis, the extreme rightist Phalangists, the Israeli-backed militia of Sa'ad Haddad and the Lebanese Government's secret police, the Deuxième Bureau, are all settling scores with the now defenceless Palestinians and Lebanese leftists.

In the last week of September Phalangist

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bulldozers moved into the Miya Miya Palestinian refugee camp near Sidon and demolished the homes of 1,000 people. It was the second major Phalangist entry into the camp. On 7 August – well before the Beirut massacres, when Israel claimed surprise at their allies' lawlessness – Phalangist gunmen shot up the camp and burned more than 200 homes, causing about half the camp's 5,000 residents to flee.

In a clear case of Israeli-inspired lawlessness at 2 am on the night of 2 September, two armed men forced their way into the home of an elderly Palestinian woman in Sidon's Ain al Hilweh refugee camp. The men – one Palestinian, the other Lebanese – came to interrogate the woman's niece, because she had been friendly with a woman allegedly involved in a bombing in Sidon. The Palestinian woman was first beaten with a rifle butt in front of her husband, then dragged off to the home of one of the gunmen. After further beatings, they took her to the Israeli military headquarters in Sidon for a third round of 'interrogation'. She was released, barefoot and far from home, at dawn. Six days later, severe bruising was still clearly visible on her right hand, both upper arms and across her face. She reports having also been beaten across her breasts and shoulders. The fact that she was taken to the Israeli headquarters leaves little doubt that the plain-clothed gunmen were acting with Israeli support.

Palestinians are reluctant to travel in south Lebanon because of frequent Israeli, Phalangist and Haddad roadblocks, where harassment and intimidation are commonplace. On 7 September, for example, two teenaged Palestinian boys were seized at a Haddad checkpoint on the edge of Ain al Hilweh camp. They were taken to a militia post at Miya Miya camp, where they were severely beaten and threatened with boiling water and ropes around their necks. During the torture, a militia officer arrived and demanded of his subordinates: 'Why didn't you finish them off before bringing them here?' To their credit, the Israeli army responded to appeals from the boys' relatives, and secured their release. But their feet were so swollen from beating that they couldn't walk.

The much-feared Deuxième Bureau – a bastion of rightist power in the Lebanon – is to reassert itself in the wake of the Israeli invasion. On the night of 1-2 September, at 10pm, three men in unmarked cars arrived at the Sidon home of a 25-year-old Lebanese with leftist connections. Having led him off blindfolded, his family was warned that if the abduction was reported the captive would be killed. He has not been seen since.

The same night, the three plain clothes security men seized two other Lebanese leftists from their Sidon homes. One has not been seen since. The body of the other, a 29-year-old father of three, was recovered by his parents from an East Beirut hospital. An official government doctor confirmed that he had died by strangulation, that his genitals had been bleeding, and that he had been tortured with a hot kebab skewer.

When Israel invaded Lebanon early in June, it asserted that it intended to 're-establish law and order' in the country. Yet serious human rights violations are routinely taking place in areas under Israeli control. □

CALIFORNIA

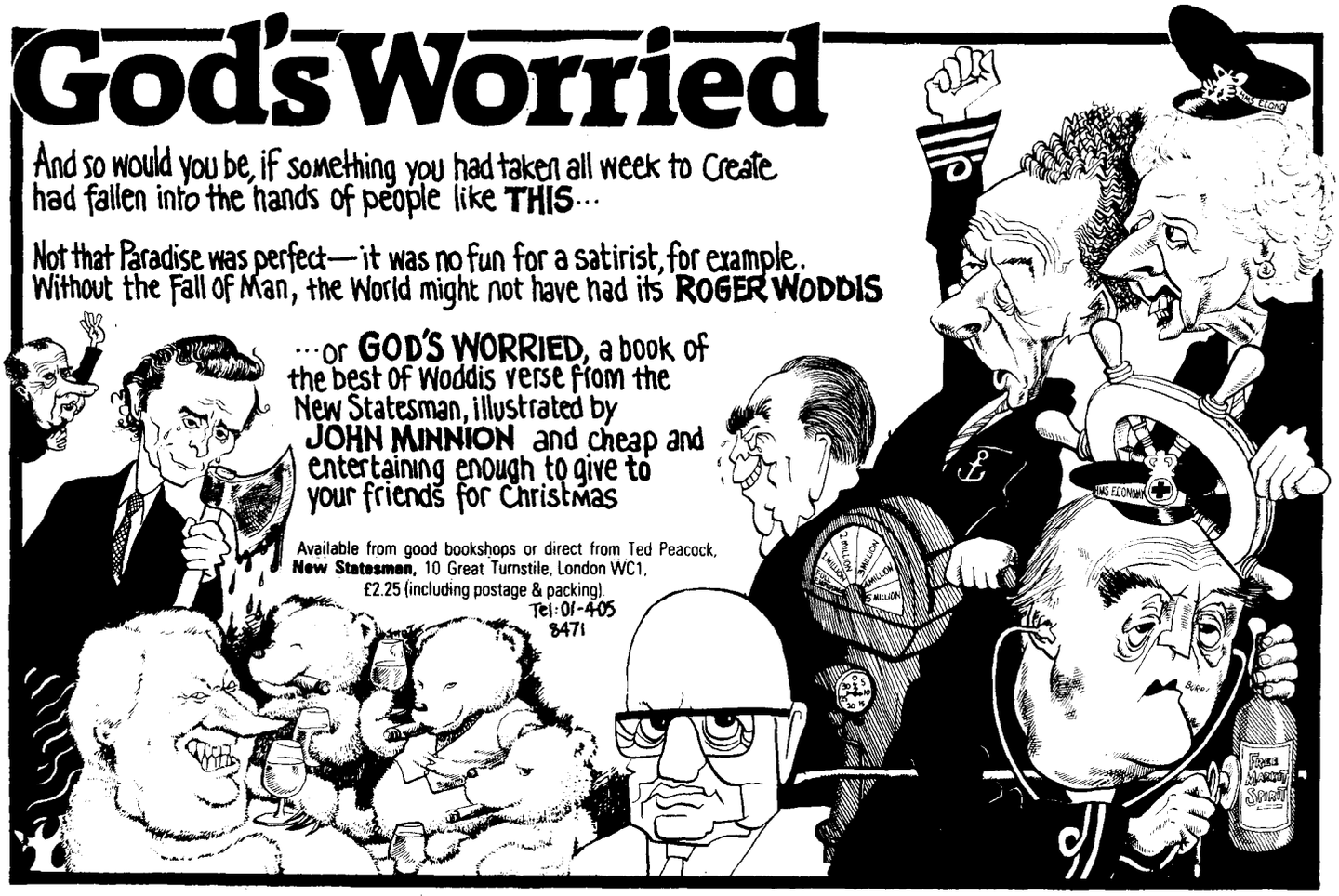
Latest techniques

Tony Pereira looks at modern electioneering, US-style

Sacramento

DIRTY TRICKS are nothing new in American politics. Phoney newspaper articles containing false allegations, bogus committees serving as front groups, dummy candidates and even wiretaps have long been the stock-in-trade of unethical politicians and campaign managers wanting to win an election. But this year, as the campaign for the 2 November mid-term election grinds into its last few days, the dirt is being flung with new precision. Old-style tricksterism has been combined with sophisticated information technology to produce a new and lethal election ploy: the 'hit letter'.

A hit letter is a piece of campaign literature, designed with the aid of a computer, tailored specifically to the voter who receives it. The tactic has been developed in California, where politicians are eager to apply advertising and marketing techniques to the running of their campaigns. Private consultancy firms with names like Voter Contact


God's Worried
And so would you be, if something you had taken all week to Create had fallen into the hands of people like THIS...
Not that Paradise was perfect—it was no fun for a satirist, for example. Without the Fall of Man, the World might not have had its ROGER WODDIS
...or GOD'S WORRIED, a book of the best of Woddis verse from the New Statesman, illustrated by JOHN MINNION and cheap and entertaining enough to give to your friends for Christmas
Available from good bookshops or direct from Ted Peacock, New Statesman, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1, £2.25 (including postage & packing).
Tel: 01-405 8471

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sell computerised lists containing detailed information on millions of voters. These lists can be used by politicians to create letters which stir up the prejudices and prey on the fears of targetted groups.

One well-known Californian 'hit-man' is Bruce Gray. Several years ago, Gray was hired by an opponent of Pat Johnston, a Democrat running for the Assembly in Stockton. Gray set up a bogus group called the Mexican American Political Action Committee. During the last few days of the campaign, he sent out letters to working-class whites which said that Johnston was the candidate of the gay community. At the same time, he sent blacks and Hispanics letters claiming that Johnston was a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Johnston, left with very little time to reply to these charges, nearly lost his seat, winning only on a recount.

Incredibly, this type of smear tactic is not illegal under California election law. The state's Fair Political Practices Commission (FPPC), a watchdog agency set up in 1974 with the avowed intent of cleaning up political campaigns, has no power to stop the mailing of blatantly false pamphlets. The commission can only prosecute if the publishers fail to report their finances. Furthermore, libel and slander suits brought against the designers of hit letters are almost never won. It is usually difficult to determine who is actually behind an attack; and the courts are reluctant to abridge the constitutional right of free speech by ruling in favour of the victim.

This year's election campaign in California has seen 'an unparalleled level of false, misleading, and personal attack-type of advertising', according to FPPC chairman, Tom Houston. One of the reasons for this is the amount of money invested in the election. Despite the recession, a record $50 million will be spent by the candidates; even minor campaigns cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Cable TV advertising will also be used increasingly in future campaigns. California is America's largest cable market, where an estimated 60% of homes will be wired for cable shortly. Politicians like the medium, because it combines the visual impact of ordinary television with the selectivity of the computer letter. Consultancy firms are already offering cable 'narrowcasts' as part of their campaign packages. Cable Data, one of California's largest software suppliers, offers candidates a computer programme which matches cable subscriber lists to voter registration rolls from their districts. The programme could be used to direct narrowcasts at selected groups of voters.

These new tricks will become more prevalent as long as the FPPC is unable to limit campaign expenditure and properly regulate political advertising. One Democratic legislator recently put it thus: 'You might have a quarter million bucks invested in a campaign. You convince yourself that if you can just put out one more mailer and hit just a little harder, you can go over the top, so you do it. And next time, the other side remembers and hits you twice as hard. It's a political arms race and you can't stop it.' □

Q?

Where can you obtain paintings by Sir John Lavery (valued at £3,000), Sir William Orpen and Eduardo Paolozzi by offering a reserve price of just 65p?

A!

In The Great Spectator Treasure Hunt. For full details as well as Britain's best weekly magazine, buy The Spectator today.

Enjoy in The Spectator this week the writings of Colin Welch, Auberon Waugh, Richard Ingrams and Alexander Chancellor to name but a few. And if that's not enough there are at least six pages of book reviews.

The Spectator

65p weekly

FRANCE

Death of a socialist

An appreciation of Pierre Mendes France by Denis MacShane

TO HEAD a government for eight short months and make a reputation that lasts a lifetime requires rare ability. Pierre Mendes France who died on Monday in Paris was, after De Gaulle, the most renowned figure in French post-war politics. He achieved that position – the French media treated his death as the event of the year for France – by insisting that politics was a process requiring the strictest honesty both in deciding what to do and in telling people why you are doing it.

PMF, as he was universally known in France, was a minister in Leon Blum's 1936 Popular Front Government and 30 years later he was to be found on Paris's Left Bank supporting the great wave of popular revolt sparked by the May events in 1968. He was France's Prime Minister for a little over half a year between 1954 and 1955. In that brief period he withdrew France from Vietnam and Laos and put Tunisia on the road to independence. He slashed the huge French military budget and transferred the cash to education. He made it clear that he was prepared to get out of Algeria, but a combination of anti-semitic right-wingers, pro-Algerian hardliners and communist deputies, whose support he had spurned, was enough to unseat him.

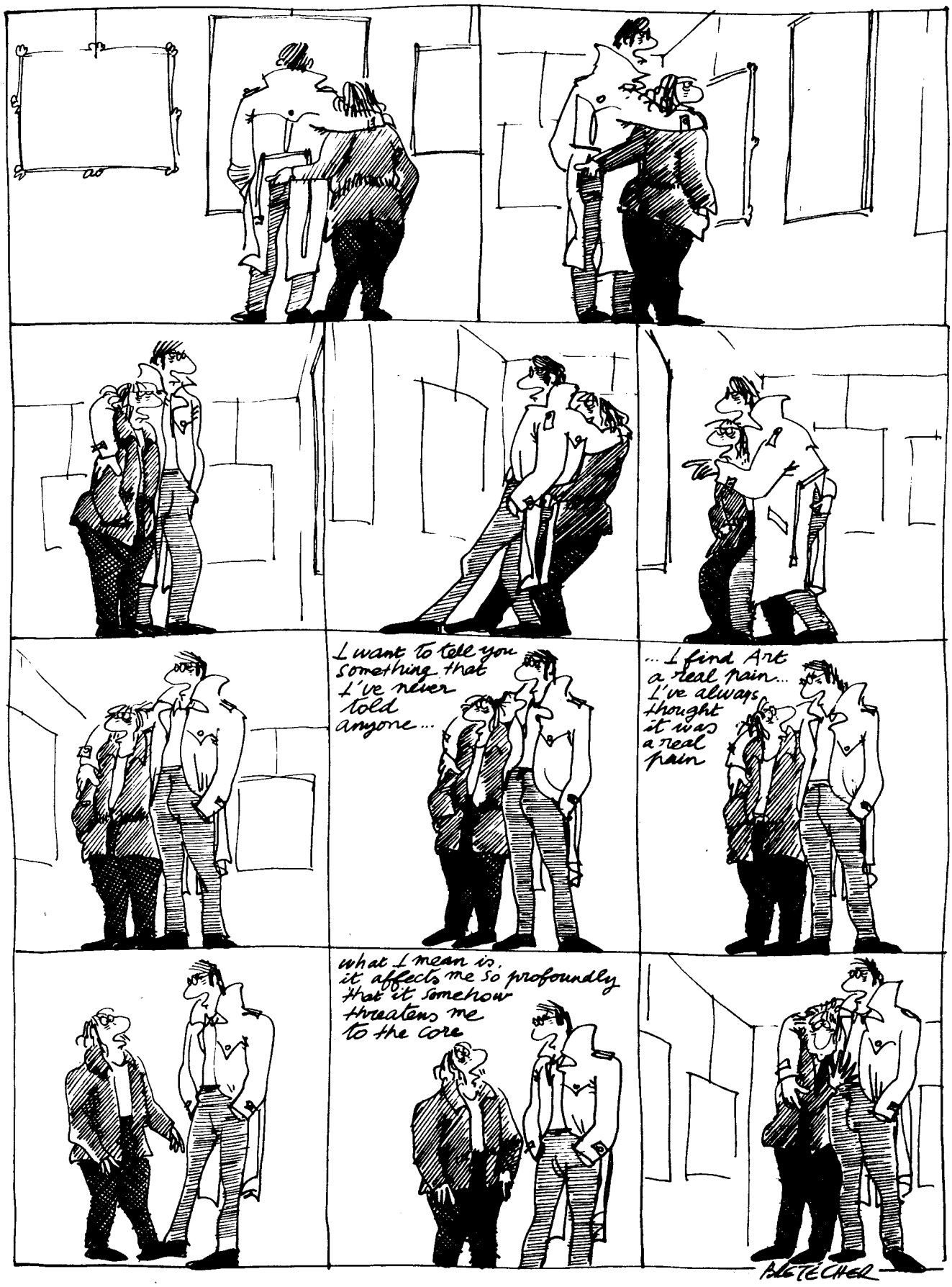
Although his place in history comes from being France's great decoloniser, his heart was in making the economy work. For the rest of his life as he sought, unsuccessfully, some mechanism that would take him back to power without compromising his political integrity, he travelled the country discussing economic questions with small groups of party activists, workers and students. 'To govern is to choose' was his slogan – his insistence that no Left government could or should make promises that it would not be able to keep increased his reputation for integrity and honesty.

It also left him in the political wilderness, as he never had the surefootedness in the French parliament nor the deviousness in the political world outside to put together a coalition that could win and hold power. That job was completed by Francois Mitterrand, who told a weeping PMF, on the day Mitterrand was installed as President: 'Without you I would not be here.' In turn, Mendes France told television viewers that with Mitterrand's election, 'the road to progress in France is at last open.' Perhaps he died in time. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

ART APPRECIATION


I want to tell you something that I've never told anyone...
... I find Art a real pain... I've always thought it was a real pain
what I mean is, it affects me so profoundly that it somehow threatens me to the core
BRETECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Mixed loans for students

Sarah Veale, Vice-President Welfare, National Union of Students, London WC1

I was interested to read the article 'Bad Debt' (*NS*, 8 October), which looked at the arguments for and against mixed loans for students. You outlined some of the arguments used against a partial loans system by the NUS. Could I add to these?

We are worried about the administration of any such loans system. Suppose the banks take it upon themselves to run a loans scheme. They are not government controlled, nor are they educational charities. They will clearly be seeking to reap rewards if they are to risk large sums of money on students. This may well lead to discrimination against students whose families do not have the collateral to reassure the banks that the money could ultimately be recouped. What sort of action would they take against defaulters? If the government runs the scheme, they will risk losing large amounts of money through defaulting, or unemployment (unemployed graduates could hardly afford to pay back a loan), and as it will cost them a large amount, at least for the first three years before repayments started, we suspected that the Conservatives (the only party to favour any form of loans system currently) will hand a loans scheme over to the banks. This could easily be construed as a first step towards privatisation of student financial support.

While we have criticisms of the current system, we remain opposed to loans. While working-class access is by no means guaranteed under the present system or even by a full system of mandatory awards, a loans system will act as a positive disincentive. Even a system which only replaced the parental contribution element, and thus did not affect students from poorer backgrounds, might free students from dependence on their parents to an extent, but would instead tie them to big business, which is what the banks are.

This sort of dependence would prove even more oppressive for most students than dependence upon parents.

A shitty joke

Nicolas Walter, London N1

Barry Jones (Diary, 8 October) advises admirers of Margaret Thatcher to 'read Jonathan Swift'. If he had done so himself before invoking the old Tory against the new Tories, he wouldn't have made such a mess of his shitty joke.

'Poor Swift.' Definitely. 'He loved passionately his Stella.' Up to a point. 'Ultimately he turned himself off. He wrote, "Stella shits".' He didn't. Swift certainly had ambiguous attitudes to and relations with women; his love for Stella (Esther Johnson) was fairly unambiguous friendship rather than true passion; his love for Vanessa (Esther Vanhomrigh) was more ambiguous and passionate. Above all, his poem 'The Lady's Dressing Room' expresses not his own view of Stella (it was written after her death) or any other real woman but an imaginary view of an imaginary woman which he explicitly contradicts.

At the climax of the poem, Strephon exclaims:

Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia shits!

Swift comments:

I pity wretched Strephon blind
To all the charms of female kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse
Because she rose from stinking ooze?

And he concludes:

When Celia in her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose . . .
He soon would learn to think like me,
And bless his ravished sight to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips raised from dung.

The lesson for admirers of Margaret Thatcher is not the one intended by Barry Jones, which serves him right.

A lot of it about

Sandra Hewett, London SW19

I have this abnormality which has reared its ugly head as I read William Boyd's critique of Spike Milligan's 'There's a lot of it about' (*NS* 8 October) and I'm beginning to worry.

You see, I assumed he would tackle the one burning question I have whenever I have the misfortune to glimpse this show: that is, why am I always so rudely confronted with a pair of enormous bared tits every time? His omission has led me to believe that my view must be tainted and I am obviously, like all feminists, just over-reacting again. Do you suggest treatment to become normalised?

I blame it on my childhood, with Saturday night viewing of the Charlie Drake/Dick Emery/Two Ronnies calibre, watching my mother cringe as the obligatory wobbling bustline spilled over on to the screen and my father, roaring with laughter, looking to her in the vain hope of approval. I thought it was prudery on her part; now I know it to be sheer embarrassment, the humiliation of woman being belittled in the middle of the family supper.

My problem is worse: I can't seem to shake of the idea that this kind of humour is so institutionalised that we cannot now distinguish between what is acceptable for (shall we say) liberal-minded people, and what is not. We have even had the much admired *Not the Nine O'Clock News* bunch showing a team of women football players taking their shirts off to reveal, yes you guessed it . . .

Of course I realise I must be somewhere on the lunatic fringe of society, along with the bulk of women who form the 51 per cent minority of society. Feminist arguments are easily pushed aside, because, naturally, we are simply a bunch of humourless, unsexy wenches whom no one would want to look at clothed or otherwise. Mind you, what if we were? All I get to see for comedy on TV seems to be a bunch of humourless unsexy men, whom I have not the least desire to look at.

Really, though, can somebody tell me what is funny about a woman sitting naked in a room with several men who are clothed, she being passive and inanimate, being talked over and ignored by the men? If it's meant to be perverse, then why does she always have a model-like titillating body. If it's meant to be wholesome eroticism, then why is it masqueraded as comedy, and why do I always feel degraded by it? It couldn't possibly be cheap thrills – it's Spike, good old Spike, and as Mr Boyd informs us, 'his heart is in the right place'.

Perhaps he could inform me where I can get a fixed grin.

Strange bedfellows

W. P. Boath, University of Cape Town, Rondebosch, South Africa

Regular readers of the *New Statesman* will doubtless recall its admirable coverage, in the not-too-distant past, of the courageous and protracted struggles of Dr Julius Tomin, in the name of personal human rights and academic liberties in Czechoslovakia. If we are to express solidarity with Dr Tomin, then we also owe him the courtesy of registering some disquiet at the way he is allowing himself to be marketed in South Africa.

With regard to Dr Tomin's present visit to the Institute for Advanced Studies in Philosophy in the University of Cape Town, one might take a charitable view; this university is arguably still an island of mild liberal dissent, which has an attachment (however lukewarm) to non-racist principles. Here, Dr Tomin has been able to speak, argue, and communicate quite freely with students and staff. And why should he not do this?

It is, however, sad stuff to see that he has also allowed himself to be enlisted by, of all conformist institutions, the South African Broadcasting Corporation. On the air, he has given South Africans his views on Marxism, socialism, repression in Eastern Europe, and related matters. Whatever the force of Dr Tomin's convictions, his very appearance on the SABC has served to legitimate a noxious system in which conditions of free controversy do not exist. It is distressing to see someone of Dr Tomin's history leaping into bed with the SABC.

The matter with Britain

Samuel Beer, c/o Sandringham Hotel, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk

Just a quick note to correct a misquotation in Bernard Crick's review (*NS* 8 October) which I have just read.

What I actually said was: 'If a lack of trust is what ails British politics, the blazing integrity of Shirley Williams might prove to be charismatic.'

Moreover, my usage is soundly Weberian. Surely integrity can be heroic. 'I cannot tell a lie,' said the young George Washington.

CLEAR
Campaign for Lead Free Air

THE LEAD IN PETROL SCANDAL
Public Meeting, Thurs 28 Oct, 7.30pm
Council Chamber, Camden Old Town Hall, Judd St entrance, London NW1
Speakers: **Des Wilson**, Chairman CLEAR; **Dr Robin Russell Jones**, Deputy Chairman CLEAR; **Rick Rogers**, Education Correspondent NEW STATESMAN
Chaired by **Hugh Stephenson**, Editor New Statesman
Organised by CLEAR & NEW STATESMAN
Supported by London Boro' Camden

New Statesman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nadine Gordimer

Crimes of conscience

APPARENTLY they noticed each other at the same moment, coming down the steps of the Supreme Court on the third day of the trial. By then casual spectators who come for a look at the accused – to see for themselves people who will risk prison walls round their bodies for ideas in their heads – have satisfied curiosity; only those who have some special interest attend day after day. He could have been a journalist; or an aide to the representative of one of the Western powers who 'observe' political trials in countries problematic for foreign policy and subject to human rights lobbying back in Western Europe and America. He wore a corduroy suit of unfamiliar cut. But when he spoke it was clear he was, like her, someone at home – he had the accent, and the casual, colloquial turn of phrase. 'What a session! I don't know . . . After two hours of that . . . feel like I'm caught in a roll of sticky tape . . . unreal . . .'

There was no mistaking her. She was a young woman whose cultivated gentleness of expression and shabby homespun style of dress, in the context in which she was encountered, suggested not transcendental meditation centre or environmental concern group or design studio, but a sign of identification with the humanity of those who had nothing and risked themselves. Her only adornment, a necklace of minute ostrich-shell discs stacked along a thread, moved tight at the base of her throat tendons as she smiled and agreed. 'Lawyers work like that . . . I've noticed. The first few days, it's a matter of people trying each to confuse the other side.'

Later in the week, they had coffee together during the court's lunch adjournment. He expressed some naive impressions of the trial, but as if fully aware of gullibility. Why did the State call witnesses who came right out and said the regime oppressed their spirits and frustrated their normal ambitions? Surely that kind of testimony favoured the Defence, when the issue was a crime of conscience? She shook fine hair, ripply as a mohair rug. 'Just wait. Just wait. That's to establish credibility. To prove their involvement with the accused, their intimate knowledge of what the accused said and did, to *inculpate* the accused in what the Defence's going to deny. Don't you see?'

'Now I see.' He smiled at himself. 'When I was here before, I didn't take much interest in political things . . . activist politics, I suppose you'd call it? It's only since I've been back from overseas . . .'

She asked conversationally what was expected of her: how long had he been away?

'Nearly five years. Advertising, then computers . . .' The dying-out of the sentence suggested the lack of interest in which these careers had petered. 'Two years ago I just felt I wanted to come back. I couldn't give myself a real reason. I've been doing the same sort of work here – actually, I ran a course at the business school of a university, this year – and I'm slowly beginning to find out *why* I wanted to. To come back. It seems it's something to do with things like *this*.'

She had a face that showed her mind following another's; eyebrows and mouth expressed quiet understanding.

He blew through his lips puzzledly.

She smiled.

'I imagine all this sounds rather feeble to you. I don't suppose you're someone who stands on the sidelines.'

Her thin, knobbly little hands were like tools laid upon the formica counter of the coffee bar. In a moment of absence from their capability, they fiddled with the coffee bar's free matchbook while she answered. 'What makes you think that?'

'You seem to know so much. As if you'd been through it yourself . . . Or maybe . . . you're a law student?'

'Me? Good lord, no.' After one or two swallows of coffee, she offered a friendly

Hiang Kee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

response. 'I work for a correspondence college.'

'Teacher.'

Smiling again: 'Teaching people I never see.'

'That doesn't fit too well. You look the kind of person who's more involved.'

For the first time, polite interest changed, warmed. 'That's what you missed, in London? Not being involved . . .?'

At that meeting he gave her a name, and she told him hers.

THE NAME was Derek Felterman. It was his real name. He *had* spent five years in London; he *had* worked in an advertising company and then studied computer science at an appropriate institution, and it was in London that he was recruited by someone from the Embassy who wasn't a diplomat but a representative of the internal security section of State security in his native country. Nobody knows how secret police recognize likely candidates; it is as mysterious as sexing chickens. But if the definitive characteristic sought is there to be recognized, the recruiting agent will see it, no matter how deeply the individual may hide his likely candidacy from himself.

He was not employed to infiltrate refugee circles plotting abroad. It was decided that he would come home 'clean', and begin work in the political backwater of a coastal town, on a university campus. Then he was sent north to the mining and industrial centre of the country, told to get himself an ordinary commercial job without campus connections and, as a new face, seek contacts wherever the information his employers wanted was likely to be let slip – left-wing cultural gatherings, poster-waving protest groups, the public gallery at political trials. His employers trusted him to know how to ingratiate himself; that was one of the qualities he had been fancied for, as a woman might fancy him for some other characteristic over which he had no volition – the way one corner of his mouth curled when he smiled, or the brown gloss of his eyes.

He, in his turn, had quickly recognized her – first as a type, and then, the third day, when he went away from the court for verification of her in police files, as the girl who had gone secretly to visit a woman friend who was under House Arrest, and subsequently had served a three-month jail sentence for refusing to testify in a case brought against the woman for breaking her isolation ban. Aly, she had called herself. Alison Jane Ross. There was no direct connection to be found between Alison Jane Ross's interest in the present trial and the individuals on trial; but from the point of view of his avocation this did not exclude her possible involvement with a master organization or back-up group involved in continuing action of the subversive kind the charges named.

Felterman literally moved in to friendship with her, carrying a heavy case of books and a portable grill. He had asked if she would come to see a play with him on the Saturday night. Alas, she was moving house that Saturday; perhaps he'd like to come and help, instead? The suggestion was added, tongue-in-cheek at her own presumption. He was there on time. Her family of friends, introduced by diminutives of their names, provided a combined service of old combi, springless station-wagon, take-away food and affectionate energy to fuel and accomplish the move from a flat to a tiny house with an ancient palm tree filling a square of garden, grating its dried fronds in the wind with the sound of a giant insect rubbing its legs together. To the night-song of that creature they made love for the first time a month later. Although all the Robs, Jimbos and Ricks, as well as the Jojos, Bets and Lils, kissed and hugged their friend Aly, there seemed to be no lover about who had therefore been supplanted. On the particular, delicate path of intimacy along which she drew him or that he laid out before her, there was room only for the two of them. At the beginning of ease between them, even before they were lovers, she had come of herself to the stage of mentioning that experience of going to prison, but she talked of it always in banal surface terms – how the blankets smelled of disinfectant and the Chief Wardress's cat used to do the inspection round with its mistress. Now she did not ask him about other women, although he was moved, occasionally, in some involuntary warm welling-up complementary to that other tide, of sexual pleasure spent, to confess by the indirection of an anecdote, past affairs, women who had had their time and place. When the right moment came naturally to her, she told without shame, resentment or vanity that she had just spent a year 'on her own' as something she felt she needed after living for three years with someone who, in the end, went back to his wife. Lately there had been one or two brief affairs – 'Sometimes – don't you find – an old friend suddenly becomes something else . . . just for a little while, as if a face is turned to another angle . . . ? And next day, it's the same old one again. Nothing's changed.'

'Friends are the important thing for you, aren't they? I mean, everybody has friends, but you . . . You'd really do *anything*. For your friends. Wouldn't you?'

There seemed to come from her reaction rather than his words a reference to the three months she had spent in prison. She lifted the curly pelmet of hair from her forehead and the freckles faded against flush colouring beneath: 'And they for me.'

'It's not just a matter of friendship, either – of course, I see that. Comrades – a band of brothers . . .'

She saw him as a child staring through a window at others playing. She leant over and took up his hand, kissed him with the kind of caress they had not exchanged before, on each eyelid.

Nevertheless her friends were a little neglected in favour of him. He would have liked to have been taken into the group more closely, but it is normal for two people involved in a passionate love affair to draw apart from others for a while. It would have looked unnatural to press to behave otherwise. It was also understood between them that Felterman didn't have much more than acquaintances to neglect; five years abroad and then two in the coastal town accounted for that. He revived for her pleasures she had left behind as a schoolgirl: took her water-skiing and climbing. They went to see indigenous people's theatre together, part of a course in the politics of culture she was giving him not by correspondence, without being aware of what she was doing and without giving it any such pompous name. She was not to be persuaded to go to a discothèque, but one of the valuable contacts he did have with her group of friends of different races and colours was an assumption that he would be with her at their parties, where she outdanced him, having been taught by blacks how to use her body to music. She was wild and nearly lovely, in this transformation, from where he drank and watched her and her associates at play. Every now and then she would come back to him: an offering, along with the food and drink she carried. As months went by, he was beginning to distinguish certain patterns in her friendships; these were extended beyond his life with her into proscribed places and among people restricted by law from contact, like the woman for whom she had gone to prison. Slowly she gained the confidence to introduce him to risk, never discussing but evidently always sensitively trying to gauge how much he really wanted to find out, if 'why he wanted to come back' had to do with 'things like this'.

It was more and more difficult to leave her, even for one night, going out late, alone under the dry, chill agitation of the old palm tree, rustling through its files. But although he knew his place had been made for him to live in the cottage with her, he had to go back to his flat that was hardly more than an office, now, unoccupied except for the chair and dusty table at which he sat down to write his reports: he could hardly write them in the house he shared with her.

She spoke often of her time in prison. She herself was the one to find openings for the subject. But even now, when they lay in one another's arms, out of reach, undiscoverable to any investigation, out of scrutiny, she did not seem able to tell of the experience what there really was in her being, necessary to be told: why she risked, for whom and what she was committed. She seemed to be waiting passionately to be given the words, the key. From him.

It was a password he did not have. It was a code that was not supplied him.

And then one night it came to him; he found a code of his own; that night he had to speak. 'I've been spying on you.'

Her face drew into a moment of concentration akin to the animal world, where a threatened creature can turn into a ball of spikes or take on a fearsome aspect of blown-up muscle and defensive garishness.

The moment left her face instantly as it had taken her. He had turned away before it as a man does with a gun in his back.

She shuffled across the bed on her haunches and took his head in her hands, holding him. □

© *Nadine Gordimer 1982*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION
Lewis Jones

Sneaking

A Spy of the Old School
JULIAN RATHBONE *Michael Joseph* £7.95
Stickman
BARRY FANTONI *Hodder* £7.50
A Midnight Clear
WILLIAM WHARTON *Cape* £7.50

Why are the English so fascinated by espionage? The French, typically, say that it's to do with the English approach to sex (furtive). Perhaps they're right; but there are other aspects. The jargon is great fun. And, more seriously, the secret world, with its conspiracies and its moral confusions, offers an interesting way of looking at the public world: at our class and educational systems and our political institutions. Espionage may be seen as a test of liberalism, or its limit; and the spy as an emblem of post-Imperial uncertainty.

A Spy of the Old School is one for the aficionado: its characters speak familiarly of Toby, Guy and Kim; and Julian Rathbone is confident that his readers will need no explanation of such arcane terms as 'dead letter-box'. The spy in question is named Richard Austen, and the outline of his story is established over the novel's opening chapters. He was at the famous public school of Wintoncester, where he was recruited as a Soviet agent by his history master. From there he went to Cambridge, where he was a contemporary of Philby's. During the war he worked at the 'Golf Club and Chess Society' (the Government Code and Cipher School) at Bletchley Park, whence he passed information to the NKGB (as it then was). When the leak was discovered in 1947, Austen contrived to put the blame on Lord Riversdale, a relation and school-fellow of his, whom he had caused to be murdered in 1944.

In 1980, however, it is learnt that the leak continued *after* Riversdale's death. William Cargill, a dour and embittered man, is therefore called upon to re-open the case. He soon decides that Austen is the leak. But Austen is now an eminent archaeologist; 'director of the Gold Museum in Bloomsbury; television personality; one of Harold's knights'. He has powerful friends and, as luck would have it, was once the fagmaster of Cargill's chief – 'He'll behave. That relationship is *indelible*.' Cargill is called off but, with the help of a friendly journalist, he continues his investigations privately.

The Old School, then, looms large. Its loyalties and hatreds are still potent after half a century; and 'the Service itself', Mr Rathbone reflects, 'is much like a public school.' Cargill's chief is known as the Housemaster, and Cargill sees himself as 'a sort of House Prefect'. It is suggested, too, that its influence will continue. The journalist who helps Cargill is worried about his 12-year-old son, who comes home from his state school with joints given him by West Indian friends. When he complains to the boy's headmaster he is dismissed as a racist. Eventually, he is bribed to keep quiet with the offer of a scholarship to Wintoncester.

The story of the Cambridge spies has been told, one might think, often enough; and the school angle has recently been used, in *Another Country*, by Julian Mitchell. But there is nothing stale about this novel. The colourful political battles of the Thirties are well-portrayed, and the characters are entirely credible. There are many excellent parodies: notably, Lord Riversdale's fascist poetry – 'Blood-Tides' – and Austen's mandarin memoirs – 'The Burning Matrix'. (And, as a bonus, there are additions to the list of literary references to this paper – 'You shouldn't believe everything you read in the *New Statesman*.')

LAST month I attacked John Gardner for his revival of Fleming; now I must praise Barry Fantoni for his of Chandler. **Stickman** is the second adventure of Mike Dime, the archetypal shamus. You know the guy: his manners are even worse than his suit, but his heart makes Fort Knox look like the wrapping on a chocolate penny, and his mind's as sharp as a broken bedspring. You know the story, too. A dame comes into his crummy office with a story so full of holes that the electric fan makes it whistle: but the dame's a looker, so he buys it, for the moment. He sniffs around some and pretty soon he gets sapped. Now he knows he's getting somewhere. The dame decides she wants out; the DA tells him to lay off; it doesn't add up. Another dame makes a play for him, but she slips him a mickey when things start to get interesting. Now he gets the picture. Pity about the dame.

As readers of Sylvie Krin know, Mr Fantoni is an accomplished parodist. But, though his exuberance occasionally gets the better of him, *Stickman* is no mere spoof. He manages, as Chandler did, to keep a proper thriller going in a sea of one-liners (these are very good – 'I was so drunk I could have jitterbugged to the Oath of Allegiance.') and to give it the essential ballast of good, straight writing.

TO COMPLETE a trio of male fantasy novels, **A Midnight Clear** is about the Second World War. It concerns an American Intelligence and Reconaissance unit, whose members, for complicated reasons, all have IQs of more than 150. They are in the thick of the war, somewhere on the Franco-German border, and they don't like it any more than the author does. William Wharton builds his story around an extended version of a famous incident of the Great War – soldiers making overtures of peace at Christmas-time.

The one-liners are not to my taste (they remind me of *M.A.S.H.*), and nor is the exclusive use of the historic present (it's like reading a 200-page review), but the nervousness, boredom and squalor of war are effectively conveyed. □

The Other Britain
Edited by PAUL BARKER
This collection of social observation and reportage is by some of the best of the younger writers. Together they document the way we live now from the melancholy of Welsh chapels in decline to the cheerful vulgarity of women on a night out at a male strip show. From both sides of the divide in Northern Ireland to the clientele of an all-night London cafe. Contributors include Angela Carter, Norman Dennis, Paul Harrison, Jeremy Seabrook, Ian Walker, Stuart Weir, Paul Willis and Sheila Yeger.
Paperback *9340 3* **£4.95**
Cased 9308 X £9.95

The Life of John Berryman
JOHN HAFFENDEN
Lead reviews everywhere for this absorbing biography of one of the greatest American poets. 'Haffenden's book charts every twist and turn of an increasingly exhausted life. For ultimately, it makes clear, Berryman's devouring self-interest used up all his reserves. Doing his damnedest to be a poete maudit, he battered himself with drink and drugs until, irretrievably, he became his own martyr.' – *Peter Kemp, Spectator*
9216 4 £15

NB Reprinted
The Elmhirsts of Dartington
MICHAEL YOUNG
'Utterly compelling and richly entertaining reading.'
– Roy Foster, Sunday Times
'This excellent biography . . . it shows how extremely wide-ranging were their educational ideas.' – Richard Bourne, Guardian
9051 X £15

ISBN Prefix 0 7100

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London WC1
RKP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLICE
Christopher Price

From Dixon to Sweeney

Police Powers and Politics
ROBERT BALDWIN and RICHARD KINSEY
Quartet £9.95

'Law and Order is a central concern of British politics.' So our authors tell us and I suppose they are right. But the phenomenon is a recent, though not a new one. For thirty years after the Second World War, neither Law nor Order was of major political concern. The law was left to the lawyers and the order to the police. Criminal justice bills came and went, piloted through the House of Commons by well-meaning Home Secretaries and Attorneys-General; committee stages were conducted by lawyer MPs speaking a language which inhibited lay participation; in spite of quite fierce arguments from time to time, there was little *political* element in the debates. Consensus wisdom of various commissions was adhered to. The Home Office got a reputation for liberalism. The Attorney-General left his grand office in the Law Courts for his poky one in the House as infrequently as possible. The police basked in the image of Dixon of Dock Green as the law did in that of the yet-to-be-invented Rumpole – not frightfully efficient but certainly above politics.

Then, within a few years, this image of the police began to crumble. It is difficult to pinpoint exactly when. The political confrontations in Grosvenor Square, Red Lion Square and Northern Ireland played their part. The rhino whip case in Sheffield, the Thurso boy in Scotland, the Challenor half brick affair in London smudged their clean reputation. *Z Cars* displaced *Dixon of Dock Green*. The drugs trade became established – just one more opportunity for police proximity to the criminal fraternity and a merging of the two at the edges. In the old days the 'rotten apple' theory had held; by the early 1970s the gaffe was well and truly blown. Certainly in London, neither the impartiality nor the innocence of the average policeman could be taken for granted any longer.

IT WAS the same with the Law. Until a decade ago belief in British justice was widespread. Timothy Evans was posthumously rehabilitated and the abolition of the death penalty softened the worst worries about miscarriages of justice. Although barristers remained substantially the sons of the rich, the class nature of the system was still obscure. But then the Shrewsbury Trials and the Industrial Relations Act began to poison even the Law's impartial classless reputation. So both Law and Order became as political as monetarism and school milk – even more so when our cities exploded last year.

This is where Baldwin and Kinsey take over. A couple of academic lawyers from Edinburgh University, they have put all the works of English police and, to a lesser extent, of English legal practice under the keen eye of a Scottish microscope. Mr Baldwin has the additional asset of now working at Wolfson College, Oxford, under Sir Henry Fisher, the archiepiscopal scion and Social Democratic luminary who conducted an enquiry into the Confait case which, though it managed to get the facts spectacularly wrong, got the solutions unaccountably right. It was substantially this case (in which three London teenagers confessed to killing someone they'd never seen in their lives) which induced a Labour Home Secretary to try to sort out Law and Order by means of a Royal Commission with the traditional English mix – some nice policemen here, a few liberals and the odd civil libertarian there. Though the book contains some useful portraits of the police in action, its importance lies in the way in which it dissects and demolishes this Royal Commission's recipes.

The Commission had to answer the question: 'What guarantees can there be to ensure that policemen tell the truth rather than lie in court?' Also, more specifically: 'How does a jury know whether a confession – even a written one – is a true one?' At the moment the judge has to decide whether the confession was 'voluntary' and whether there were serious breaches of the Judges' Rules.

In spite of evidence that perfectly ordinary citizens as well as frightened teenagers crumble under interrogation in custody, the Commission opted to reduce the Judges' Rules to a code of conduct, scrap the 'voluntariness' test and try the experiment of trusting the police to police themselves. Baldwin and Kinsey remark that such logic 'seems like resuming chain smoking on finding out that one's lungs were more delicate than originally thought'. They demonstrate how, like the Confait victims in the police station, the 'liberals' on the Commission (and in the posh papers) simply crumbled too. It was left to Jack Jones and Wilfred Wood, a black South London vicar, to stand up and be counted.

Had it not been for last year's riots and the Scarman report, the oppressive bits of the Commission's recommendations might have been passed into legislation already. As it is, the battle will be joined this winter. The book should be compulsory reading for anyone who still believes that the Commission's soft, consensus solution of putting faith in the police to be their own custodians will do anything to mend relations with the community and reinstate Dixon of Dock Green. It is more likely to license the Sweeney throughout the land. □

Richard Pevear

A room on the river

A violent momentum that never
Arrives or departs surrounds this room,
My no man's island. What were the pyramids
More than piles of incipient dust?
Labour is our only monument,
Bargeloads of wreckage floating out to sea,
Our future. Justice stands on our tongues
As salt lay on the fields of Carthage,
The great weight of Rome, the ox.

★

Two windows looking out on the river,
Rain or sunlight; rough plaster walls,
A table, books, familiar objects
I've turned into symbols, secret writing –
Lacking the bread of the cathedrals,
Housed but unhoused, if
The playing is over I must trust
This makeshift ship of death the way
A Greek trusted his legs in battle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEMINISM

Barney Bardsley

Black & female

Ain't I a Woman
BELL HOOKS *Pluto* £3.95
Women, Race and Class
ANGELA DAVIS *Women's Press* £4.95

Bell Hooks's **Ain't I a Woman** is a fiery piece of polemic filled with merciless criticism of feminism and black activism alike for their neglect of black women's rights. Angela Davis, veteran of the 1960s Black Power movement, offers a more complex and more orthodox analysis in **Women, Race and Class.** Her scholarship is undeniable, but *Ain't I a Woman* is far more provocative and inspiring.

Both writers offer a historical analysis of black female oppression in America from the slavery era of the 17th century. Bell Hooks concentrates on personal accounts by slave women, giving chilling details of what she calls the 'institutionalized sexism' in the US which 'socially legitimized sexual exploitation of black females'.

Black slave men do not escape her criticism, for she believes that they sought to emulate rather than counter white male sexism within their own segregated culture. The emasculation theory posited by black male activists did not, she says, 'change the reality that men in a patriarchal society automatically have higher status than women . . .'

She holds the period of slavery responsible for much of the negative stereotyping used to this day in the devaluation of black womanhood. The myth that black women are sexually rapacious was founded on the fact that they were made sexually *available* as slaves.

Another favourite is the matriarchy theory, supported in 1965 by the American Moynihan Report, which, in a blatant attempt to deflect attention from racist oppression and to quell black women's potential power as workers, urged black men to take control of their 'domineering' women. Bell Hooks points out that:

> The term matriarch implies the existence of a social order in which women exercise social and political power, which in no way resembles the condition of black women, or all women in American society.

Other myths are those of the 'Black Amazon', idealised as strong and all-capable when she was really just accepting an enforced burden of labour; 'Black Mammy' figures, dumb, obese, domestic, and entirely fictitious – embodied, as Angela Davis points out, in Harriet Beecher Stowe's racist classic, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and the 'Black Sapphires', evil and dangerous bitches. The latter image hit our television screens recently in Ken Russell's film *Tommy*, when black soul singer Tina Turner played the vicious Acid Queen, out to destroy Tommy with her scorching voice and hard drugs.

Bell Hooks suggests that these pernicious myths may be a reason for black women being so neglected by the American feminist movement, since white women are just as prey as everyone else to social conditioning. Although white feminists have not shown the blatant hatred of popular culture, they have, she maintains, largely ignored black women's needs. Much of her criticism is justified. Some of it is not. While she makes an important linguistic point when she says, 'white feminists . . .impressed upon the white American public their sense that the word "women" meant white women by drawing endless analogies between "women" and "blacks" ', her condemnation of white feminists as career-minded opportunists, out to benefit from rather than challenge patriarchy, is too sweeping.

Her attack on black men is similarly unrelenting. She vents particular fury against the Black Power movement, which she sees simply as an assertion of male power – at the expense of all women. She quotes the telling words of one activist and playwright, Amiri Baraka, who was asked in 1970 if a black militant was allowed to cross the racial barrier and have a white female companion. He replied: '. . .you can indeed be going through a black militant thing and have yourself a woman. . .The battle is really between white men and black men. . .'

In her description of black women's politics, Bell Hooks explains that their lack of support for women's rights was largely due to a desire not to hurt the cause of black liberation. They concentrated instead on anti-lynching compaigns and anti-racism. This conflict over loyalties of race and sex has been, and still is, a deep dilemma. Which helps one understand why Angela Davis, unlike Bell Hooks, does not concentrate solely on black women in her book. She focuses instead on the effects of racism, and makes strenuous efforts to defend black men, stressing their common struggle with black women against racist ideology.

ANGELA Davis's main concern is with the struggle of the working classes, which she believes to be a unifying force for both black and white, men and women. These ideas are not as bold or as visionary as those of Bell Hooks. So, although her research is thorough, the conclusions are uninspiring. She sees a revolutionary potential in equal job opportunities and 'subsidised public childcare', whereas Bell Hooks recognises a more fundamental need – for an awareness among all black women of their own female strengths, and of what the Women's Movement can give them. As she says, 'feminism is an ideology in the making'. Contributing to the making of it concerns black as well as white women.

Ain't I a Woman will give a timely jolt to all those who fondly believe they are free of racist and sexist prejudices, and its iconoclastic style will doubtless offend many. All of which is infinitely more desirable than the careful, studious **Women, Race and Class**, which treads on fewer toes but ends up rather dull. □

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

James Bentley

Battling bishop

Chanctonbury Ring
MERVYN STOCKWOOD *Hodder/Sheldon Press* £9.95

When Mervyn Stockwood retired two years ago, the principal speakers at his farewell dinner were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Miss Barbara Cartland and Mr Frankie Howerd. By far the wittiest speaker present was Mervyn himself.

His autobiography is packed with beautifully-turned stories about his contemporaries. Some of them, such as Bernard Montgomery, Oswald Mosley and Walter Monckton, remained his friends in spite of their political differences. Others, such as Stafford Cripps, Nye Bevan and Clement Attlee, were his political allies.

Stockwood had been brought up to believe that Stafford Cripps was a Red ogre and a traitor to his class. Cripps was Labour MP for Bristol East when the young Stockwood – still a member of the Conservative party – went there as a curate. Early in 1938 he heard Cripps speak about the appalling state of Britain and his hopes for the future. It transformed the clergyman's

BRIEF LIVES
ALAN WATKINS

'The most stylish and the funniest political commentator in British journalism.' *Gerald Kaufman, Mail on Sunday*

'I enjoyed the whole book tremendously' *Auberon Waugh, The Spectator*

'Penetrating... illuminating' *Stephen Koss, The Observer*

'Engrossing... entertaining' *Alan Ryan, Sunday Times*

HAMISH HAMILTON £8.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life. For the first time he began to take politics seriously. He joined the Left Book Club and the Labour party. He began to see through the complacent idiocy of most Anglican social attitudes. 'I remember Christopher Chavasse, the Master of an Oxford College and subsequently Bishop of Rochester, saying that he had never known a converted Christian who was unable to find employment.' In a comment that remains relevant today Stockwood observes that it never occurred to Chavasse 'that whole areas could be reduced to pitiful and unwelcome idleness by the cruel facts of a harsh economy over which the victim had no control'.

Soon Mervyn Stockwood was a Labour councillor in Bristol. He grew increasingly convinced that (as he wrote in the *Morning Star*) 'a man's character, be it good or bad, is partly if not largely determined by his environment, by the social and economic circumstances in which he is placed.' He deplored an economic system based on selfishness and greed.

For these admirable beliefs, pulpits were closed to him. Although he was an outstandingly successful Bristol vicar, his career suffered. The Bishop of Oxford stopped his appointment as vicar of the University church. When the Head Master of Eton (the altogether excellent Robert Birley) invited him to go there as a chaplain, the right-wing Provost made him withdraw the invitation. The BBC considered appointing him head of religious broadcasting, but this time the Director-General, Sir Ian Jacob, put in the establishment boot. (Stockwood records that a public school chaplain was appointed instead, adding 'Presumably he had no embarrassing political affiliations.') Finally in 1954 the perceptive agnostic Lord Adrian got him the job of vicar of Great St Mary's, Cambridge.

For four years he packed that church with undergraduates and townspeople. He also worked (less successfully) as a Cambridge Labour councillor. In 1959 Harold Macmillan made him Bishop of Southwark. Southwark is the Cinderella diocese of the Church of England. Archbishop Fisher told Stockwood that if he stayed there more than 12 years or so, he would go out of his mind. It is a judgment on the arthritic Church of England that this controversial, brilliant man remained Bishop of Southwark for the rest of his ministry.

He seems to have enjoyed it (though he records his deep distress at having to unfrock a clergyman for sexual lapse). In the House of Lords he supported homosexual law reform. He urged the Church of England to ordain women priests. He successfully recruited working-class clergymen. He developed his powers of telepathy and entered into communication with the dead. He powerfully quarrelled with Archbishop Fisher (a man who was very often wrong). He urged his parochial clergy to remarry the divorced (as is the right of every Anglican incumbent). He protested against apartheid in South Africa and homelessness in Southwark.

Chanctonbury Ring contains splendid photographs, including some not mentioned in the text. In one of these the bishop is happily driving a dodgem car. His passenger is Lord Longford, who looks very glum. In another Stockwood is unaccountably standing among the Bluebell Girls. This time the bishop seems out of his element.

Resignation has given him a new lease of life. He still wonders whether the Church of England is part of the living Body of Christ or 'a decomposing ecclesiastical corpse'. He *must* write more – perhaps now a treatise on sexual morality. If hints in this splendid book are anything to go by, that too, like Stockwood's whole career, would prove to be profound, illuminating and deeply offensive to many of his fellow clerics. □

BIOGRAPHY

Christopher Hitchens

An old story

Rules of the Game: Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley 1896-1933

NICHOLAS MOSLEY *Secker* £8.95

About ten years ago I spent a queasy afternoon with Sir Oswald Mosley. It was in the hospitality room of a television studio, and I had contrived for him to come early so as to get him on his own for a bit. I'd been repeatedly warned that he was a charming old buzzard, and was disappointed to find out that he actually was. We babbled of this and that, and he confided in me the most disconcerting thing that had happened to him as a fascist demagogue. Apparently it wasn't the hecklers or the egg throwers but a posse of young reds at Oxford who had occupied the front rows of the hall and casually opened newspapers and magazines as he began to orate. Quite threw him. I remember wrestling absurdly with myself about the propriety of shaking his hand, shaking it in a moment of forgetfulness, and ushering him to the set. He then squared his shoulders, altered the pitch of his voice, in some way seemed to change his facial expression and delivered a foul rant against the Asian refugees from Uganda who were then trying to escape General Amin and settle in Britain.

I have never since had much difficulty in understanding the alleged Mosley 'enigma'. Obviously, of the many people who fell for him at one point of his career or another (ranging from Harold Nicholson to Aneurin Bevan), very few ever saw him down in Stepney indulging his pronounced taste for low company. They thus did not realise, or realised too late, what a perfect shit he was.

Nicholas Mosley, his eldest and most sceptical son, seems never to have been very starry-eyed about papa. He was aware from an early age that, for one thing, his mother was being made unhappy. Mosley in this book is known as 'Tom' (as he was to his friends) and Lady Cynthia Curzon (the first wife) as 'Cimmie'. Here is what Lady Cynthia's sister Irene told her diary about Mosley's philandering:

> My heart was in my boots over the hell incarnate beloved Cim is going through over Diana Guinness bitching her life wanting to bolt with Tom and marry him and the whole of London getting at me and Baba with the story he had gone with her and needless to say every Redesdale up in arms and Walter Guinness only wanting to 'crash' him and this blithering cow-faced fool insanely ditheringly recklessly trying to ruin Cim's life for her 19-year-old crush on that vain insensate ass Tom.

Jessica Mitford could scarcely do better. I specially love 'the whole of London getting at me'. The flavour of upper crust pettiness is very well caught, and it can't have been all that easy for Mosley *fils* to decide on printing it.

He obviously needed to get all this off his chest, and he obviously couldn't have done it while the old buzzard was still alive. I'm pleased to see that the feelings of the 'blithering cow-faced fool' have not been spared in the least. But the book, which is a labour of something like love, doesn't really rise above the level of a reminiscence. The only person one can empathise with is the narrator, about whose early bowel movements there is slightly more detail than one requires. Mosley's personal 'spell' is an old story – the fact that so many were gulled by it only testifies to the enfeebled nature of the British political class in the 1930s. And that hardly comes with the force of revelation.

The most absorbing passages are those which deal with Mosley's brief career in the Labour Party. It's salutary to recall the pathetic deference with which he was greeted – partly *because* of his marriage to a Curzon. John Scanlon, writing in 1924, was one of those who were not impressed by the 'magic'.

> Those of us who had visions of a dignified working class steadily gaining confidence in itself as the future owners of Britain had our first shock of disillusionment. No sooner had Mr Mosley come into the Party than there began the heartbreaking spectacle of local Labour Parties stumbling over themselves to secure him as their candidate. At that time there was not a particle of evidence to show that he understood one of the problems of their lives.

Nor was there later on, unless like Michael Foot and a few others you are taken in by the line that Mosley was the first Keynesian. The rest is all too familiar. It is still possible to be brought to the verge of spewing by accounts of Mosley's behaviour in Rome with Mussolini, or of his venomous attitude towards Jews. The book ends in 1933, a little before he became utterly leprous and Nazified. Apparently, though he removed Nicholas from his will, he gifted him all his papers. I hope that a sequel is not contemplated and from internal evidence it looks unlikely. We don't really need any more on Sir Oswald. The more one reads of his 'charisma' the more one is brought up against the fact that, apart from some random nastiness, it would have made little or no difference if he had never existed. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS FUNDING
Hugh Jenkins

Too select

Public and Private Funding for the Arts: Eighth Report from the Education, Science and Arts Committee
HMSO £7.10

Elitism in the arts is more generally recognised elsewhere than in this country. For example, in the United States and France leading arts adminstrators, like Waldemar Nielson and Jacques Rigaud, talk about 'the revolt against the colonial approach' and 'the danger of a widening gap between the culture of the elite and the increasingly limited culture of the masses'. They speak of the demand that active participation shall replace passive exposure to performance and so on. The culture gap has indeed widened and is still widening and this, of course, is what might be expected by any student of late capitalist society.

This week's report from the Select Committee on Education, Science and Arts is not exactly conscious of the problem, but shows signs of being sub-conscious of it. Its stated principles include unexceptional statements about funding of the arts and the usual obeisance towards access and devolution, but nothing about democracy or participation. The committee seems unaware of the need to spell out precisely what *structural* relationships must be created, if the ends it seeks are to be approached, let alone reached. For years previous such reports have been telling the Government and the Arts Council what to do, but neither has taken the least notice. Is the present Comittee equally gullible or are its members merely going through the motions, enjoying the trips abroad (Rome, Cologne, Copenhagen, Bonn, Washington, Houston and New York), knowing full well that their report will go on the shelf with all the others?

The report contains no less than 77 recommendations. Some are useful minor specifics, which could and should be carried out without much difficulty – for example, that the Manpower Services Commission should consult with Regional Arts Associations in sponsoring artistic ventures. Others are just empty words – for example that the Minister and the Arts Council should be 'more mindful' about members from the regions. Renée Short's Estimates Committee report of 1968 was much more forthright about democracy and representation.

This report covers a wider area then any previous examination and this is all to the good. Notably, the recommendation that there should be a minister of Cabinet rank covering arts, libraries, film, broadcasting, heritage and tourism. This comes straight from the Labour Party Arts policy. Personally, I would add sport. It is right that the culture gap should be bridged at Ministerial level at least. There are many other good recommendations, particularly in the area of films and television, but the notion that tax relief on company profits is a practicable way of funding the arts in this country surfaces yet again and yet again will have to be knocked down.

The general trend of the report though is worrying. Lip-service is paid to the 'arms-length' principle which has traditionally been applied to government funding of the arts. But it refers to the Arts Council's role as 'main national adviser on the distribution of funds'. The Arts Council does not *advise*. It *decides*. Who is it supposed to advise? The Minister? Is *he* going to do the deciding? I trust not. The achievement of this country in the arts in the post-war years has been precisely because the hand of Government has *not* been on the artist. Both the Chairman and Director of the Arts Council seem to have made a hash of their oral evidence to the Committee, but that is no reason to diminish the Council's independence. The Arts Council needs democratic roots so that the flow of power can be reversed. The job of the Minister is to fertilise the ground and scatter the seed. He should leave weeding and topiary well alone and should reject out of hand the implied invitation of this report that he should become a 'Minister of Culture'.

The report resurrects the absurd recommendation that the National Theatrical Companies be separately and directly funded, by the Ministry. It is true that the National Museums and Galleries are directly funded but that is another matter, for sharp issues of culture and politics are less likely to arise, though even here I would favour the Labour Party's proposal for a Museums and Galleries Council to perform similar functions to those of the Arts Council. I think that museum opinion will increasingly move in that direction. There is no case for a reverse move for the performing arts.

I would favour, however, something not recommended in the report – direct Ministerial funding of the Scottish and Welsh Arts Councils and of the Regional Arts Associations. This would reduce the power of the Arts Council, while preserving the essential barriers between the government and arts patronage.

There are other good recommendations in the report, like the call for substantial Government expenditure in association with local authorities over a 20-year period both for the performance arts and for museums and galleries, but municipalities are unlikely to play a very full role in the arts until they are given effective means of raising their own finances. It also makes the point that there is nothing intrinsically elitist about opera. The Report (because it is an all-party affair) does not say so, but the nature of the opera audience in this country is an aspect of our society and not of the art-form.

The detail of this report is better than the vague, confused and slightly alarming philosophy which seems to inform its generalities – but that is the way with all-party committees. □

Hugh Jenkins was Minister for the Arts 1974-76.

FILMS
John Coleman

Clu'd in

Tron (A) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
Giro City (AA) *Gate, Bloomsbury*
Fast Times (X) *Plaza; Classic, Oxford Street; ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads*
The Weavers: Wasn't That a Time (U)

Just how much of the Disney new-look **Tron,** written and directed by Steven Lisberger, was computer-generated (the images, not the dialogue) is hard to disentangle. It carries a list of technical and artistic credits as long as a fireman's ladder, with such names as Jean 'Moebius' Giraud of *Heavy Metal* mag, Harrison Ellsenshaw of *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Blade Runner*'s Syd Mead recognisable among a flurry of Synthavision Technologists and Object Digitizing experts. Of the relatively modest *dramatis personae* only Jeff Bridges as a goodie and David Warner as a baddie are likely to be familiar. Certainly this cautionary tale of the effects of overexposure to video games – one way of reading it – has its awesome visual excitements, akin to the limitless planes and eye-blink transformations of dreamscapes: vast gamegrids, huge airborne arches and a bewilderment of perspectives that once in a while make *Metropolis* look like a doll's house. An animated race to the death between zooming motor bikes which leave coloured walls in their wake, obstacles to their rivals, diminishing hedges in infinity, provides an instant maze calculated to delight not only addicts of Space Invaders. There is also a lethal and luminous sort of gladiatorial *jai alai,* as well as a volley of tarted up frisbees masquerading as plot-turning Information Discs.

That plot: it occurs to me that, behind all the futuristic flim-flam, our gentle surrealist Lewis Carroll might have identified a borrowing or two. Mr Bridges is Flynn, a computer genius, now running a video-game arcade ('Home of Space Paranoids') but resolved to prove that Dillinger (Mr Warner), a top exec in a communications conglomerate, rose to power by pinching his best ideas. Dillinger is now the creature of the Master Control Programme he claims to have created: old MCP, shown as an elegant great mosaic-face, later yet as a kind of roseate Humpty Dumpty, growls and gargles a warning: 'I've gotten 2,415 times smarter since then'.

This is a world which is divided into Users and Programmes; and, Alice-like, Flynn finds himself tugged through the video screen, disintegrated, then recast as Clu, a fighting pawn on the giant games arenas of MCP's electronic kingdom, where he meets Programmed forms of ex-col-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leagues outside: Lora/Yori (Cindy Morgan) and Alan/Tron (Bruce Boxleitner). Chess may not be the name of the rough games that ensue, but Carroll-fans will note the suspicious likeness of a bearded old scientist, oddly garbed guardian of an input-output tower on the Other Side, to that hookah-smoking Caterpillar. And it is this aged sage who mutters, 'I'm old enough to remember when the MCP was just a chess programme'.

So some of the effects are worth a fanfare and there is even a cracker-barrel bit of moralising. 'You just keep doing what it looks like you're supposed to be doing' applies, we are elbowed to believe, to Programme and User alike. But the fun is at kiddy-level, with the overweening machine destroyed in a confusing finale. Elsewhere, infuriating visual hints – some green stick-insects, a few fancy-dress strays, a reconstructed orange – leave one yearning for the richer, more provocative fantasies of Looking-Glass land. I kept waiting for Amis Jr to slide down a laser beam and really stir things up.

But perhaps the impoverishment at the computerised heart of **Tron** is a sound enough reflection of the latest ludic craze. For some, at least, the machines are by now playing *them.*

KARL Francis's **Giro City** brings us with a healthy bump to current realities, issues, stirrings of conscience. Written by its director, who knows the corridors of television both forwards and backwards, this inside job sets down Sophie (Glenda Jackson) and O'Mally (Jon Finch) as tough TV documentary producer and ace reporter-linkman for something like *World in Action.* Sophie runs into trouble on a story about the eviction of a Welsh farmer's family. Her immediate boss Martin (Kenneth Colley) and cautious Programme Controller James (James Donnelly) make a deal: she can come back to it, with O'Mally aboard, if she first films O'Mally interviewing an IRA escapee in Ireland. She does, the show is cut and diluted by 'balance' from a government minister, O'Mally is beaten up by an angry Irish trio. *Then* he and Sophie get on with the fascinating ramifications of her 'Welsh' story, revolving round a corrupt councillor and involving a multinational company. Francis is in his element here. Queasy methods are justified by the truth, even picking a pocket and getting people fraudulently on camera. The early dialogue stiffness falls away; the making and 'makings' of a TV exposé are caustically explored; excitement mounts to the inevitable dying, cynical fall. Here, at last, is the kind of British political cinema some of us have been pleading for.

Fast Times once again establishes that sex is all that happens in your average American high school. I left early, but not before a 15-year-old cutie was instructed in the niceties of a blow-job by her girl chum, mouthing on a carrot, in a crowded cafeteria.

Artery-hardening crap like this finds audiences. That unexpectedly joyous and sly documentary masterpiece, **The Weavers: Wasn't That a Time,** found no one at the Bloomsbury Gate and has been withdrawn. □

ART
John Spurling

Caught short

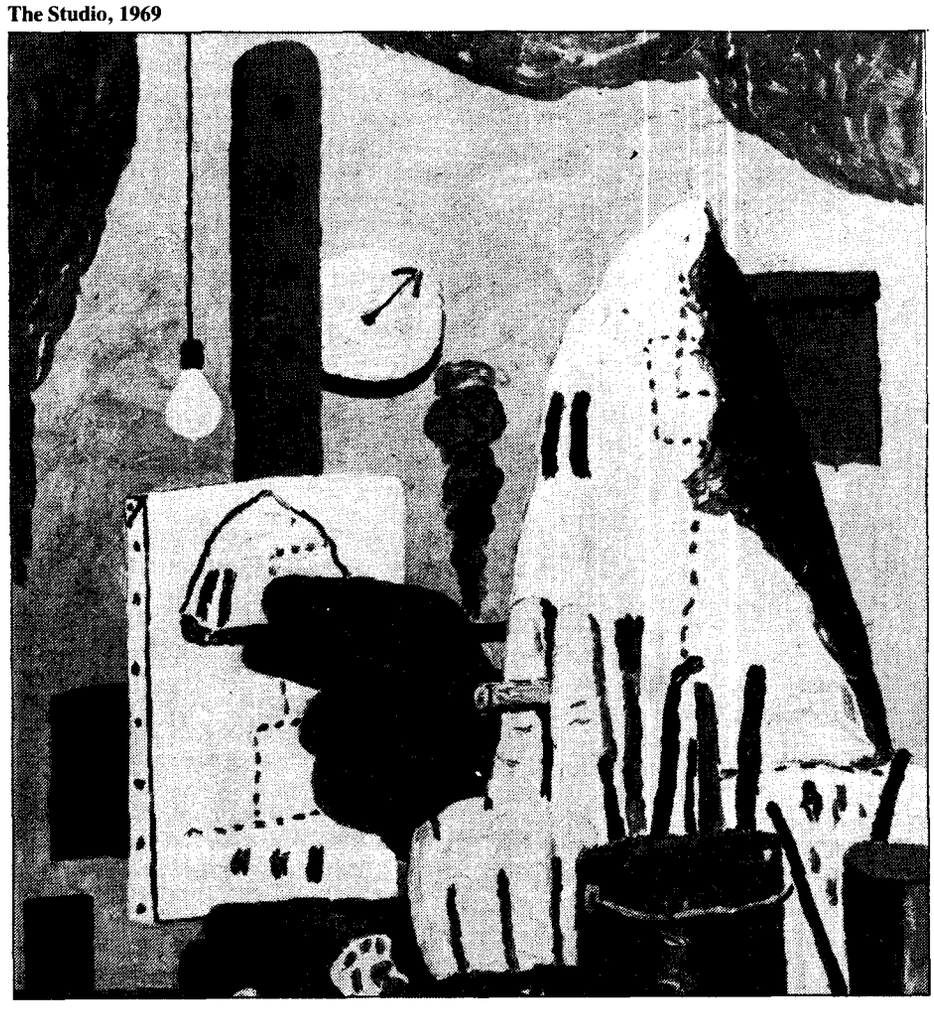
Philip Guston: Paintings 1969-80
Whitechapel

Cack-handed painting, the fashionable international style emanating mainly from Italy and Germany, is less a movement than a reaction. In retrospect it seems obvious that after the lofty absolutes of abstraction and the urbane ironies of Pop in the Sixties, something rough would have to follow. Philip Guston began doing it as early as 1968 and showed the first results at the Marlborough Gallery, New York, in 1970, to the consternation of many of his admirers. But the art-world in general was temporarily diverted up the cul-de-sac of minimalism for a few years more and Guston is only now, two years after his death, seen to be in the thick of things again.

It is unlikely, if he'd lived, that he'd have stayed there long. The exhibition at the Whitechapel was arranged with the artist just before his death and consists only of paintings from the last 12 years of his life, so that the impression given is that this was the master's mature style and final word. Literally, of course, it was, but one can't help feeling that the Whitechapel's director, Nicholas Serota, should have altered his plan and offered us a full retrospective. Serota, one of the three perpetrators of the notorious 'A New Spirit in Painting' at the RA last year, is the leading British impresario of cack-handed painting and he was no doubt glad to be able to attach such a distinguished name to his cause; but the fact is that Guston is not fully at home in this phase of his work. Not all artists reach their climax, though they are usually written about as if they do, and when they are as restless and experimental as Guston they run the risk of being caught, as it were, with their trousers down.

Guston tells us, in the long, filmed interview which is being shown at the Whitechapel, that at a particular moment of hiatus and frustration in his work he set about painting his studio – not just the walls, but everything in it. If he had died then he might have been hailed as a Room Artist. As it was, he went on to translate the contents of his studio – its light-bulb, table, easel, hammer, nails, clock, books and resident artist – into roughly outlined, crude symbols of themselves on canvas. The artist, for instance, becomes a hand, a swollen eye, a stubbly chin and a perpetual cigarette. He was trying to get back to gritty objectivity after the aesthetic subjectivity of his abstracts. He was also leaning towards the political realities which had occupied him before the abstract period. As a very young painter in Los Angeles he had had holes shot

The Studio, 1969



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in his pictures by rowdies from the Ku Klux Klan. Before that he and his friend Jackson Pollock had been expelled from high school for distributing satirical pamphlets attacking the English department.

After the war, appalled by seeing films of the Nazi concentration camps, Guston 'was searching for the plastic condition where the compressed forms and spaces themselves expressed my feelings about the holocaust'.

Yet a few years earlier, in an essay about his mural for the Social Security Building in Washington completed in 1942, Guston was quoted as saying 'I would rather be a poet than a pamphleteer' and his whole career, as Dore Ashton demonstrates in her 1976 critical study **Yes, but . . .**, was a dialectic between the conflicting claims of 'pure' art and the ugliness and physicality of the world and its objects. The transition at the end of the Sixties was partly fuelled by his feelings about Vietnam and prepared for by two years of drawing:

> I remember days of doing 'pure' drawings immediately followed by days of doing the other – drawings of objects. It wasn't a transition in the way it was in 1948, when one feeling was fading away and a new one had not yet been born. *It was two equally powerful impulses at loggerheads.* I would one day tack up in the house a bunch of pure drawings, feel good about them, think that I could live with them. And that night go out to the studio to the drawings of objects – books, shoes, buildings, hands, feeling *relief* and a strong need to cope with tangible things.

The tangible things triumphed, but at some cost. A highly sophisticated and ambitious artist, he forced himself in this last period to paint like an angry graffitist, pushing the paint on as if it were dirt, reducing his colours mainly to ash and mud and a lurid glow of pink and red, thickening his drawing to achieve the coarse effect of a grotesque cartoon. But the knowingness comes through, in the range of references, in the jokes, above all in the self-conscious expression of constriction and over-simplification. These are not primitive paintings, but paintings about being primitive. Guston, one feels, was jogging through them for the sake of making himself fit again. Perhaps he still hoped to fuse 'purity' and 'tangibility', to emulate his hero Piero della Francesca. But he never got beyond the jogging. He died looking like a masochist. □

TELEVISION
William Boyd

First casualty

SHORTLY after the Falklands War I made two predictions in this column. One was right and the other was wrong. The first was that the journalists would have large axes to grind and deep grudges to settle over the treatment they had received. The second was that when the reels of film finally came back with the cameramen and reporters the visual record of the war would be transformed, that, finally rid of the MOD minders and government censorship, we'd get to see the pictures that had been denied us. 'There should be,' I said, 'some fascinating documentaries.'

Well I was wrong. The Falklands documentaries and videos have established that what we saw at the time – albeit two weeks' late – is all we're going to get. That it was a naive assumption to think otherwise was made clear on **Panorama** (BBC-1) in an excellent and informative programme on the astonishing hamstringing that the media experienced.

The main argument against unrestricted reporting of a war is that any information made available to the public is of value to the enemy. This is manifestly true in the case of military operations. 'Eisenhower announces date of D-Day invasion' would not have been the kind of headline calculated to win friends among the armed forces, and no one, not even the most passionate advocate of a free press, would expect this sort of information to be made open. On the *Panorama* programme various top brass and the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* made exactly this point. This would have been fair and just if the practice at the time had been even approximate to this ground rule. But the mare's nest of crossed lines, ambivalences, duplicities, disinformation and plain lying made the excuse of preserving military secrets a ludicrous sham.

The best example of this was the Goose Green leak when the World Service announced that the paratroops were advancing on the settlement, as indeed they were. The understandable wrath of the men on the ground was directed at the quislings of the BBC when in actual fact the information had been provided by a 'senior government official' keen to provide some 'good news'. Not, in any event, that it would have been difficult for the Argentinians to have drawn the conclusion that Goose Green was a key target. One of the more curious assumptions of the MOD's case is that the enemy is extremely stupid and can only base his strategic and tactical decisions on what he happens to read in the newspapers.

It was Churchill who coined the phrase 'in war the truth is so important that it must be protected by a bodyguard of lies'. The aptness of this saw is very confined. Give it a general frame of reference and its aphoristic certainties conceal a more sinister import. As one of the news editors perceptively remarked, this sort of media manipulation possesses only short-term advantages, but in the longer term its consequences can be far from beneficial for the perpetrators. It's clear that from now on a deep cynicism and profound suspicion will colour the relationship between the press and the MOD. It won't be a bad thing if some of that rubs off on the public.

But will it? Most of the truth about the Falklands will emerge eventually. Some books are already telling us facts we didn't know before, certain reporters are re-filing the 'missing' despatches. But they will be read by only a fraction of those who were tuned in to the news and reading the newspapers at the time.

And the MOD and the government will no doubt claim that this *Panorama* programme was biased. Of course it was and correctly so. The gags have been removed and the media have made a convincing case against the government's manipulation of the news to suit its ad hoc political motives and ambitions. The ball is now in its court. But I suspect that the response will be 'not available for comment'. □

CONGRATULATIONS

to Thomas Keneally on winning the Booker Prize with *Schindler's Ark*, to be reviewed in the *NS* shortly. The other short-listed novels, including William Boyd's *An Ice Cream War*, were reviewed earlier in the year.

LONDON PREMIERE

THE GAZELLES

a new play by Ahmad Fagih

'When the hunting party is face to face with the wrath of a desert God'

For a limited season
Mon., 25 October-Sat., 30 October
7.30 p.m.

THE SHAW THEATRE
100 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON NW1
BOX OFFICE 01-388 1394

Tickets £4 £2 (students, OAPs & unwaged)

Presented as part of the Cultural Season arranged by the Union of Libyan Writers & Artists

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Time passing

Other Places
HAROLD PINTER *Cottesloe*
The Taming of the Shrew
SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*

The eminent author of *The Caretaker* and *Betrayal* writes so rarely for the stage these days that he would only have to squiggle a couple of lines of dialogue across a steamed-up bathroom window for the world's theatrical scholars to roar in with fingerprint powder and glass-cutting equipment; and **Other Places** gives the burgeoning Pinter-industry rather more reason for excitement than that. True, one-third of the triple-bill mounted by Peter Hall at the Cottesloe has been seen before, and, true, another third is not a lot more than an anecdote about a minicab controller first puzzled, then enraged, and finally converted to a sort of demented camaraderie by a driver who won't move from Crystal Palace. Yet even *Victoria Station*, as this is called, could have been written by absolutely nobody else.

Many must have sensed dramatic possibilities in those disembodied bleatings, drifting from sleazy shop-fronts in Canning Town to Cortinas in Fulham or Chiswick; but only Pinter could bring to such an exchange the interest in mutual manipulation, the banality yet strangeness of language, place and event, the unpindownable sense of unease, that leaves you wondering if you aren't actually hearing two spectres playing out their last rituals in an empty, airless and conceivably post-deluvian London.

IT IS the final third, *A King of Alaska*, that demands most attention, however. For the first time in his stage career, Pinter has acknowledged a source, and it turns out to be a curious one, a series of case-reports on patients struck down by Encephalitis Lethargica in the early decades of this century and re-activated in the late Sixties by the drug L-DOPA. But Oliver Sacks, the American doctor who played Prince Charming to these Sleeping Beauties, is an unusual man, passionate, inquiring and supremely literate, as much metaphysician as medico; and his *Awakenings* is an astonishing book, a riveting chronicle of how just a few were rescued, sometimes briefly, sometimes more lastingly, from what is variously described as 'an icy hopelessness akin to serenity', 'the motionless eye of a vortex', 'a bottomlessly deep abyss of being', 'an unfathomable, black and hungry hole' and, simply, 'nothingness'. Anyone would be interested, and perhaps especially Pinter, who has always concentrated at least as much on the submerged nine-tenths of the human personality as on the one-tenth that breaks the surface, and since *Landscape* and *Silence* in 1969 has made a special study of those areas of the mind in which memory has its sometimes blurred, sometimes surprisingly sharp existence.

So he stages an awakening, by a doctor (Paul Rogers) as caring as Sacks of a patient (Judi Dench) whose disappearance into limbo appears to have been more instant and absolute than any in *Awakenings* itself. Perhaps the nearest experience to hers is that of Rose R., who dreamed at age 21 she was a statue imprisoned in a castle, became almost exactly that for the next half-century, and, restored to reality in hospital, was never able fully to accept it wasn't still 1926. Similarly, Pinter's Deborah, revived from a still profounder silence after 29 years, babbles on about mummy and daddy, the dog, her boy-friend, and the other human furniture of her 16-year-old consciousness. Once or twice she lets slip an erotic thought, like several of Sacks's patients. At another moment she develops the Parkinsonian tic so common among them, and begins to speak of walls 'closing in' on her. She has, she says, been trapped in a vast series of glass halls, listening to a tap endlessly dripping, dancing night after night 'in the most crushing spaces'. And gradually she moves from frank disbelief to an understanding that she's spent the whole of her prime in a sort of rococo Butlins imagined by herself.

Pinter writes with taste and tact, as well as with that precision we all associate with him; but an unsettling question still demands to be asked. Why dig this bizarre case-history out of the archives? What can it appeal to in us, except a somewhat morbid interest in sensational medicine? By way of answering that, let me turn briefly to the evening's other component, *Family Voices*. When I saw this in a 'platform' performance two years ago, I was reminded of Pinter's own *Homecoming*, at the end of which a professor's wife allows her husband's family to put her 'on the game' rather than return with him to the aridity of campus life; and I still see some similar thrust in the play's two parallel monologues, the mother imploring her son to return to what sounds like a drearily conventional homestead, the son rattling happily on about the strange and sinister population of the lodgings in which he now lives. Better danger, surprise, sex, sweat, perversion, *life*, than the comfortable prison-house of childhood.

In short, *Family Voices* is about the exhilaration of growing up, discovering yourself. But that is, of course, a temporary exhilaration, one that insidiously declines into regret for the ever-accelerating years. *A Kind of Alaska*, I think, is about precisely that, the sorrow of growing old. For Pinter's Deborah, the past is not barren or dessicated, but packed with love, hope, clamour, conflict, *life;* and Judi Dench's gaping dismay as she begins to realise she's lost it, her numb, grey face under her cropped, grey hair, will surely set off echoes in many, and not just in the nostalgic or immature, those who would clamber back into the womb if they could. The play is an admittedly extreme metaphor for a feeling we must all have at times. Where did time go? What did I do while it was passing? Why did I make so little of it? It is Pinter's version of Hopkins's marvellous poem 'Margaret, Are You Grieving?', and ends on a not-dissimilar note of resignation, acceptance. Dr Sacks's Rose R. retreated into waking coma rather than live with her loss: Pinter's imaginary Deborah looks at her middle-aged sister, sums up the few facts she now knows, and declares, with poignant dignity, 'I think I have the matter in perspective. Thank you'. It's a moving close to what, so far from being an exploitative horror-story from the locked ward, actually becomes a quiet, unpretentious tribute to human courage and resilience.

THE NEW Stratford *Shrew* made me laugh so often with its inventive and ebullient detail that it seems ungrateful to complain that one or two fine performances are only half-visible behind the fun. I'm thinking not so much of Alun Armstrong's Petruchio, whose coarse and warty good-humour is very much of a piece with the proceedings, as of Sinead Cusack's Katherine, tacitly consenting to and secretly even applauding the 'taming' she resists with such sour ferocity. Miss Cusack evidently shares the view, elaborated in the programme, that the Shrew is going through a process of self-discovery, aided by Petruchio's well-meant aversion therapy, rather than being bullied and brainwashed into submission by a fortune-hunter. But her deft and subtle attempts to chronicle this evolution would be easier to appreciate if other characters weren't strutting about in ostentatious finery, or entering with rope and climbing-axe down the back-cloth, or spoofing television shows, or winding across the stage on a bicycle-made-for-four, or perpetrating that horseplay which, as I've just confessed, amused me more than I care to recall. Both the credit and discredit belong to Barry Kyle, who directed. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2742 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

As part of the campaign for 'right of reply', let's have the snake's poem about D. H. Lawrence, the tiger upon Blake, the nightingale upon Keats, etc. Up to 16 lines, by bonfire night.

No 2739 **Set by Maud Gracechurch**

Versions of 'These Foolish Things' addressed to contemporary figures.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

'Oh how the ghost of you clings,' I was humming to myself, when suddenly there was a sound as of a rushing mighty wind. It was *la belle dame sans merci*, back unexpectedly early from her 'rest cure'. 'You'd better have something good to celebrate my return', she bellowed; and, thanks to you, dear compers, I was able to oblige. Few of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you included the middle bit of the song (the 'you came, you saw' part), but the entries were none the worse for that. As always in musical comps, I must exhort you to *sing* as you read it. A Florence to each winner.

Michael Foot

A hagiography of dear Nye Bevan,
A tribe of well-connected Feet in Devon,
And Hazlitt's maunderings –
These foolish things remind me of you.

A battered conscience labelled 'Aldermaston',
A dislocation with a plaster cast on,
Immense pro-Tory swings –
These foolish things remind me of you.

A donkey jacket from a bargain basement,
That irritating vocal stress displacement,
Oh, how the PM runs rings . . .
These foolish things remind me of you.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Alan Whicker

A stick-mike wielded like an ice-cream cornet,
A sauna gossip buzzing like a hornet,
A clutch of gimcrack kings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The lively lilt of louche alliteration,
A millionairess like an old crustacean,
The solid signet rings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A drawling duchess and some Soho virgins,
The double-breasted knives of plastic surgeons,
Some wild colonial flings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

Safari jackets in a starchy khaki,
Some horn-rimmed specs amidst some mad mullarkey,
The whirr of distant wings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

BILL GREENWELL

David Coleman

The click-clack of forgotten teleprinters,
Orgasmic adjectives and spurting sprinters,
The sports of kids and kings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

An earplug which emits some strangled crackles,
Some xenophobic words on Argie tackles,
The way a heartstring zings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A sheepskin coat, a rather jaunty trilby,
The goal that never was and never will be,
A pig with spreading wings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

The onset of some rather mild hysteria,
The men in white coats in the Beeb's interior,
The van their leader brings,
These foolish things remind me of you.

WILL BELLENGER

Barbara Woodhouse

The right-wing stridency of *Any Answers*;
The eccentric 'Englishness' of morris dancers;
Each time a hearty voice rings
These foolish things remind me of you.

Great slobbering labradors that sniff at crutches;
Wolf-like alsatians that no sane man touches;
Oh how that canine breath clings!
These foolish things remind me of you.

Disintegrating turds on rain-soaked playgrounds;
A hare dismembered by a pack of greyhounds;
Postmen with arms up in slings –
These foolish things remind me of you.

PETER NORMAN

FIRST PERSON

Hilary Bailey

Fiddling on a sinking ship

THIS TIME last year I was talking to a teenage girl called Tracy in the Kensington store where we both worked. She was fed up. She travelled every day from Plaistow, in East London, which cost her a fortune in fares. She didn't get paid much and she didn't like the job. None of this is unusual. What really upset her was that several of her friends, who had no jobs at all, had gone ahead and had babies. As they were single parents the Council had been obliged to give them flats and the DHSS to pay the rent and give them benefit. So Tracy, living at home with her family and travelling long distances every day to a job she didn't enjoy, was wondering why she bothered.

Most girls fancy that at some point they will leave home and have a family, but they usually expect to get married first. As Tracy pointed out, half her age group, both boys and girls, can't get work. You can't plan, now, in the same way – get engaged, save for a home, have a white wedding and, later, give up work and have a baby the father can support. Her friends, stuck at home on the dole, probably angering or depressing their parents, feeling demoralised and bored themselves, seeing no real chance of a future they wanted, had just decided if they couldn't have everything at least they'd have something. Since that conversation I've heard this practice is becoming quite common – it's one of the less predictable hidden costs of unemployment.

Back in 1942, while the bombs were still dropping, people queued at the Stationery Office to buy the Beveridge Report, with its attack on the five Giant Evils – Want, Disease, Ignorance, Squalor and Idleness. Clutching tin hats and ration books, they looked forward to the end of the war and a new set-up which would protect the weak and comfort the strong. So we got the system started but, these days, somehow it's all going wrong.

Now among the many threatened species in the world today you will not find the names of two – man and the rat. Both species survive in huge numbers, being clever and adaptable. People are even more successful at surviving than rats because they have the capacity to hope, anticipate, plan and organise. But in a world being bombed to bits by monetarism, hoping and planning go out of the window. If you think you'll never get a job, or you don't know if the one you have will exist in six months' time and you don't know what services will be available to you or your children from moment to moment then, in order to remain sane, you start to work the system. This means going for a short-term advantage, rather like that other great survivor, the rat.

So it isn't just Tracy's friends, who are making a perfectly legal claim on the Council and the DHSS, but it goes on to a series of frauds and shams being conducted, I suspect, on a scale which would put Leon Brittan in intensive care immediately, if the figure were ever fully revealed. Just to begin with, if they sold black economy shares on a Black Stock Exchange we'd have no trouble in attracting foreign investors. People claim the rent for places in which they do not live. They allege that older children they haven't seen for years are alive, well, living with them and totally dependent on them. And, of course, they sign on the dole, or claim social security, fix themselves up in the black economy and never bother to sign off again in case times get harder. All these dodges, and others more complex and sophisticated, are regularly practised.

THERE HAVE to be reasons for this. One may be that rates of benefit are low and always getting lower owing to inflation. Primitive street-level economic thinking may feel that over-claiming is a way of maintaining the real value of the benefit. Moreover, dole queues are now crammed with unemployed graduates, people who have run their own businesses, men and women unemployed in the prime of life and teenagers bursting with strength. All that energy and ingenuity has to go somewhere – if there's no outlet for it in the world of work then it may drift off in the direction of clever fiddling.

And here, in any case, is a government which doesn't care and is now seen plainly not to care. All the choppings, cuttings-back and sellings-off have proved disastrous. The suggestion that we should tighten our belts and suffer in the present to procure a better future looks, now, like a trick or a mistake. A government which seems to be cynical or insane cannot expect very much from the people it abuses. Small wonder quiet anarchy prevails in the services created post-Beveridge in the days of hope and public conscience. A fiscal nightmare must now exist, as calculations of the cost of unemployment are forever thrown out by the activities of an ever more cunning population.

Once upon a time I thought the operations of the Thatcher Terror would drive people mad in large numbers, as cruelty and stupidity tend to, but I can see now I underestimated human nature. True, many of us have been driven to despair by the feeling that we cannot help our old, our young, our sick or even ourselves. Some of us are frightened, as hope and security dwindle away. And some of us are angry and getting angrier. But on the whole the majority of us just get on with it, as we always will, and if it means falsifying the truth on a form or two, well, that's what you have to do to get by. Poor Beveridge is turning in his grave; but, for myself, I still hope Tracy's got her baby and that it's chuckling cheerfully in its subsidised cradle. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-405 4911/2/3
Deadline for ads — Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7 per single centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21). **Special rate for charities** – £6 per s.c.c. (min. 3 s.c.c. – £18).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation.

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to:
CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ.
Telex – 28449.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. . . . at the above address.

Appointment Wanted

CAMBRIDGE POLITICAL science graduate (24), seeks interesting work, political orientation. Anything considered. Box 4901.

Accommodation Vacant

ATTRACTIVE well-equipped room to let in private household. Use of all house facilities including colour TV, etc. in quiet area (Wanstead). Suit young professional woman, £25 pw. Telephone (evenings) 01-989 8286.

LARGE, MOST unusual, fully furnished flat in central Hove, between sea and main street. Available November for 1 year. £80 pw. Telephone 0273 722888 or write Box 4979.

NW4, close to bus and tube, sunny room, c.h., share kitchen and bathroom, £32 p.w. plus electricity only. Tel. 01-960 6977.

WE ARE looking for someone who needs weekday base in London. Cosy room in cheery, West London house. 01-602 3424.

Exchange

MONTREAL, CANADA. Fully equipped modern home, two bedrooms, study, living room, kitchen, basement recreation room, attached garage. Thirty minutes central Montreal and McGill University. London area preferred. During 1983 choice of time can be arranged. Box 4927.

Property

STEPNEY GREEN, London E1. Furnished (carpets – video), 2 bed. flat, gas c.h., close tube, City, markets. 91 years, £23,950. 01-253 9999 Ext. 229, or 01-790 9253 (eves.).

Publications

EASTERN EUROPE Catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Secretarial

PETER COXSON Literary/Academic Typing (Est 1960). Fast, accurate, low rates. Audio/dupli. 01-584 0198; 01-642 1001.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

Financial

FAST LOANS £200-£100,000 mortgages, re-mortgages. Universal Investments. Ingrebourne 43636, 01-470 2574.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

A JOB TO BE FILLED?

A SPECIAL EVENT?

SOMETHING TO SAY?

An ad this size costs only £42

Call 01-405 4911/2/3

Appointments

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

PANDORA PRESS, a new Women's Publisher is urgently looking for a creative person, mid 20s or over with energy and enthusiasm to launch and promote this exciting new imprint. Must be able to drive and type. Ability to design simple graphics an asset. Please contact Philippa Brewster at Routledge and Kegan Paul, 39 Store Street, London WC1. 01-637 7651.

Anti-Apartheid Movement
is seeking a
CAMPAIGN ORGANISER
whose responsibilities will include work against British collaboration with South Africa, and fund-raising for the AAM, to join its small staff at its London headquarters. Salary £4,140 p.a.
Job description and application form from:
AAM, 89 Charlotte Street London W1. 01-580 5311
Closing date: First post Friday 5 November

WORK WITH THE UNEMPLOYED AND LABOUR MOVEMENT IN THE COMMUNITY
SOUTHWARK UNEMPLOYED CENTRE
CENTRE ORGANISER
AP4/5 – £7,509 to £8,883
To work under the policy guidance of a co-ordinating committee including the local unemployed group and the Trades Council, and with the support/supervision of the local Council for Voluntary Service. The Centre will have a staff team of 3-4 full-timers and 2 part-timers eventually. Experience of community work, especially with the unemployed, and of the Trade Union and Labour Movement are essential. Applicants also need to be competent in areas such as administration and finance work. Funding from the GLC and the local council
For details apply: **Vanessa Sheldon, SCVS**
135 Rye Lane, Peckham, SE15
Telephone: 01-732 9777
Closing date: 3 November, 1982.

Vacancies in Third World Development:

BOTSWANA: For small-scale rural development and production centres: **Coordinators; Rural Production Advisers; Sewing Unit/Bakery Manager; Teacher** of Development, Maths and English.
Also: **Workcamps Administrator, Librarian** for refugee settlement, **Water Technicians.**
LESOTHO: Adviser for Rural Women's Development Project.

MOZAMBIQUE: (requiring 2 years' work experience) Water Engineers, Master Craftsmen/women, Sawmill Managers and Technicians, Planners, Architects, Topographers, Science Teachers, Economists, Doctors, Nurse Tutors, Laboratory Technicians, Nutritionists, Dieticians.

SWAZILAND: Plumber/'Handyman' for small-scale water supplies; **Building Instructors and Motor Mechanics Instructor** for training unemployed young people; **Agriculturalist** for Poultry Hatchery Management; **Nurse** for rural clinic; **Agriculture Teachers** for rural secondary schools.

2 year contracts including modest living allowance and flights.

Write for details including a short c.v. and s.a.e. to:
International Voluntary Service, NS1
53 Regent Road, Leicester LE1 6YL

WORK FOR PEACE IVS & UNDERSTANDING

DEVELOPING A LIBRARY SERVICE FOR ETHNIC MINORITY GROUPS.

Derbyshire County Council has an active policy of racial equality and we make every effort to ensure that our services take into account the needs of the County's ethnic minority groups. As part of this policy we are now looking to recruit a

Co-ordinator of Library Services to Ethnic Minorities.

to be responsible for investigating the library information needs of ethnic minorities and advising on the provision of library services specifically designed to meet their requirements.

It's a challenging and demanding role and whilst librarianship qualifications are an advantage it's more important that you should possess a broad knowledge and understanding of the background and culture of ethnic minorities and be committed to the effective development of public services for these groups.

Naturally you'll need to be articulate and well motivated as the work will bring you in frequent contact with other people both within the library service and with outside bodies and will involve working to a large extent, on your own initiative. In addition you'll need to be fluent in English and have your own transport.

Salary is in the range £7371 – £7875 and a car user allowance and assistance with relocation in appropriate cases, will apply.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from: The County Librarian, County Offices, Matlock, DE4 3AG. For an informal discussion about the post, telephone Pat Coleman on 0629-3411, extension 6803.

The closing date is two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

DERBYSHIRE
County Council

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts Council of Great Britain

Applications are invited for the post of

Secretary-General

of the Council as the present holder of the post, Sir Roy Shaw, retires in July 1983.

The Secretary-General is the Chief Executive Officer of the Council and is responsible for the administration and management of the Council's business within a framework of policy, advised by panels and committees and agreed by the Council.

Emphasis is placed on the ability to manage the Council's staff, including the highly-qualified specialist directors who report to the Secretary-General, and to speak publicly for the Council on its various activities. Applicants must have a good record of managerial and administrative experience, a broad knowledge and understanding of the arts and be accustomed to relations with the press and radio/television. Some public sector experience would be useful but is not essential.

The appointment is initially for a period of five years with the possibility of an extension at the end of that time. The Council's conditions of employment follow those of the Civil Service. The salary is £27,913 p.a. The Council has a non-contributory pension scheme open to those under the age of 60.

Please write for a job description and application form to the office of the Chairman, Sir William Rees-Mogg, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Piccadilly, London, W1V 0AU, or telephone 01-629-9495 extension 109 between 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. for more details. The closing date is Monday, 1 November.

—An Equal Opportunity Employer—

Arts Council
OF GREAT BRITAIN

THEATRE

COMEDY 930 2578

SLEUTH

from Theatre Royal Stratford
Nell Dunn's first stage play

"laughter, hard truth and compassion." Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

DONMAR WAREHOUSE 836 1071
41 Earlham St., WC2 379 6565
The Musical
DESTRY RIDES AGAIN
with
Jill Gascoine & Alfred Molina

MERMAID 236 5568
cc 236 5324
Triumphant return of smash hit
TRAFFORD TANZI
'I advise Londoners to flock' – Gdn
Eves. 8 p.m.
Fri/Sat. 6.45, 9.15

Join our FREE mailing list. Send sae to Dept NS
THEATRE DESPATCH 31 Shelton St. WC2H 9HT

Theatres

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24-hour info 01-628 2295. Few day seats £3 from 10 a.m. ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 'HENRY IV' PT 1 23 Oct. (m), 25, 27 (m). 'HENRY IV' PT II 22, 23, 26, 27 Oct., 'POPPY' – 28 Oct. – book and lyrics by Peter Nichols, music by Monty Norman. THE PIT – 'OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH' by Peter Flannery – 22-27 Oct. 'THE WITCH OF EDMONTON' by Dekker, Ford & Rowley – 28 Oct.

CAMBRIDGE. 01-836 6056/1488. Evgs 7.45. Mat. Thu. 2.30. Sat. 5.00 & 8.00. A New Production of: THE MIKADO "This exuberant, gorgeously colourful production" FT. "Encores were demanded" D. Tel. "A Knees-up Mikado" Times. "It is all jolly good fun.. S. Times.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Major Barbara'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Spanish Tragedy', 'Other Places'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. CC 01-278 8916 (5 lines) 24-hr. instant booking 01-200 0200. Grp sales 01-379 6061.
Until 30 Oct., eves 7.30, Sat. Mat. 2.30
ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET.
Phone Box Office for daily programme details.
AMPLE FREE PARKING after 6.30pm.

LISTINGS

Social/Cultural
Radical/Arts
Political

22-30 October

SEND DETAILS to: NS FREE LISTINGS at least 7 days in advance

FRI 22 OCT

DARLINGTON. Peace Action entertainment evening, theatre and dance. 8 p.m. £1 (75p u/w). Darlington Arts Centre. **0325-65556.**

LONDON N1. Conference – 'Welfare Pluralism and Community Control'. 10-4.30. Nat. Children's Bureau, 8 Wakely Street. Details ARVAC. **0206-22 5344.**

LONDON WC1. Concert for Chile. 'Animal Magic' and 'Jazira'. £3.50 (£2 u/w). 7 p.m. Camden Centre, Bidborough Street. **01-837 7561.**

LONDON N22. Norma Turner speaks on 'The Media and the Bomb'. Followed by live entertainment. 7.30 for 8pm at Community & TU Centre, Brabant Road, Wood Green. Org. by Hornsey CND. **01-340 9683.**

SAT 23 OCT

LONDON NW2. New Variety from CAST, inc. Attila the Stockbroker, at 'The Cricklewood' pub, Cricklewood Bdy. 8.30 p.m. £2 (£1 u/w). **01-487 3440.**

ILFORD. Radical book sale at South Essex Bookshop, 335 Ley St. Big reductions. **01-478 2948.**

LIVERPOOL 1. Conference – 'Women and Southern Africa'. 10 a.m. Friends' Meeting House, 65 Paradise Street. Contact – Trades Council, 70 Victoria Street.

LONDON SE1. Campaign Against Racist Laws – action conference. 10-4.30. County Hall. Details – CARL, 56 Edithna Street, London, SW9. **01-733 8508.**

LONDON SE1. London Labour Movement Conference on Esperanto. 11-4 County Hall.

GLASGOW. Scottish Council of Liberation – Middle East Day Conference. 10-4.30. Sloan's Restaurant, Argyle Arcade. Reg. details – Alan Laing. **041-339 9390.**

OXFORD. Seminar, 'Co-operatives and Economic Planning'. 10 a.m. Co-op Hall, 196 Cowley Rd.

LONDON SE3. Ronald Mallone on 'The Future of the United Nations'. 3pm. 7 Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath. Org. by Fellowship Party. **01-856 6249.**

LONDON WC1. Palestine Day School 10.45am-5pm. University of London Union, Malet St. Palestinian, Lebanese & Israeli anti-Zionist speakers. Org. by Palestine Solidarity Campaign.

LONDON WC1. International 'Debating Socialism' Weekend. Starts 10am today. Ken Livingstone, Bernadette McAliskey and others debate a socialist programme for the British crisis. £4 for weekend. £2.50 per day. Kingsway Princetown College.

BRIGHTON. Nukes, Guns & Juntas – The Eternal Triangle? Friends Centre, Ship St. 9.30am-5pm. Details **0273 728788/771284/687658.**

SUN 24 OCT

LEICESTER. Education for What? Lecture by Michael Duane. 6.30pm. Secular Hall, Humberstone Gate. Org. by Leicester Secular Society. **Leicester 22250.**

LONDON, WC1. Forum, 'Is the Law and Order Debate Genuine?' Andy Erlain, 3 p.m. Library, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square.

LONDON, Hyde Pk, nr. Speakers Corner, 1pm. Pushchair Walk and general demo to Jubilee Gardens rally. 3.30pm. No Nuclear Weapons, No Cruise in Britain. **01-267 6474/485 6445.**

MON 25 OCT

LONDON Baker St. 'Does Feminism Sell Magazines?' Women in Media meeting. Upstairs, 'The Globe', (opp. Baker St. Station) 7pm. Contact Helen Franks **01-435 7772 (days).**

LONDON SE1. Chartist/Clause Four, Socialist Discussion Series 1: 'Socialism and the State'. £1 (50p uw) 7.15pm. at Play Association, 218 Lambeth Rd. **01-802 1018.**

TUES 26 OCT

WORKINGTON. W. ot Cumbria Peace Group film 'If you love this Planet'. Featuring Dr Helen Caldicott. 7.30pm. Carnegie Arts Centre, **Lamplugh 447.**

LONDON. Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton. Public Forum. Free All South African Political Prisoners! 7.30pm.

LONDON. House of Commons. Public meeting. Room 8, Christian Socialist Movement. Speaker: Ivor Clemitson. 7.30pm.

LONDON SE1. 3 day conference on issues in The Sizewell 'B' Inquiry. Speakers from USA, France, Germany and UK. Centre for Energy Studies, Poly of the South Bank. 9.30-5pm each day. **01-928 8989 ext 2468.**

WED 27 OCT

LONDON SW1. Media Inside Television 7.30pm at ICA, 'Well Brian! Sport on TV' with Adrian Metcalf & Patricia Pearson. Chair. Mandy Merck. **01-930 3647.**

LONDON W11. Open Meeting 'The Future of the National Health Service'. 7.30pm. Methodist Church, Lancaster Road.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA. Commemoration Lecture Centenary of Darwin & Marx. Speaker: A. Young. 7.45pm. Balmoral Centre, Salisbury Avenue.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LONDON SW1. Open Meeting: Criminal Justice in the 1980s. Speaker: Roy Hattersley MP. 7.30pm. Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre. AGM Howard League at 4.30pm. **01-735 3317.**

LONDON SW7. Images of Science & Progress – Presentation & Perception of Nuclear Issues on TV. 7.30pm. Botany Common Room, Beit Hall, Imperial College. **01-589 5111 ext 1019.**

CAMBRIDGE. Radical Film Society presents 'Battle of Algiers'. Adm. £1 (50p uw) at Cambridge College of Arts & Technology, Collier Road. 7pm sharp. **Cambridge 60460.**

THURS 28 OCT

DUNDEE. Public Meeting on Trident with speaker from SCAT. 7.30pm. Wellgate Library. **0382 580213.**

LONDON SW15. Michael Foot speaks in 'Putney Debate' with Lord Hugh Jenkins, Peter Hain, Maggie Jones. 50p adm. 7.30pm. St. Mary's Church. **01-789 3086/928 9671.**

FRI 29 OCT

BRISTOL. 'Ireland: Politics and Technology of Repression?' I.R.S.P. speaker and others, followed by social. 7.30pm. Swan Hotel, Stokes Croft. Org. by Troops Out Movement.

LONDON NW1. Tony Benn debates Giorgio Napolitano. 7.30pm. Friends House, Euston Road. Co-sponsored by New Socialist & Marxism Today. £1 at door or £1 in advance from New Socialist, 150 Walworth Road, SE17.

LONDON, E1. to 31 OCT. The Moving Left Show. Over 50 sessions on wide range of Left topics plus evening music, theatre, comedy. Queen Mary College, Mile End. Info & Free programme. Jo Newman, 16 St John Street, EC1. **01-251 4406.**

SAT 30 OCT

LEEDS. Politics of Health Conference. Leeds Univ Union. Until 31 Oct. £1.50. Reg. 9.30-10.15am. Details Third World First. **0532 430151.**

STOCKPORT. Families for Peace Walk. Assemble 1.30pm Kennerley Road, walk to Edgelley Puppet Theatre, balloons, badges etc.

LONDON SW4. Marxism & Literature at 52 Clapham High Street, Questions & Discussion. Org. by SPGB. 7.30pm. **65-24524.**

WEMBLEY. International Conference on Active Birth. Details: Active Birth Movement, 32 Cholmeley Crescent, London N6 5JR. Tel: **01-348 4535.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now read the book...

The paperback edition of Duncan Campbell's new book, **WAR PLAN UK**, will be available soon through the **New Statesman** at £6.95 post free.

Reserve your copy now by sending a cheque/postal order for £6.95, payable to "New Statesman", to:

War Plan Book Offer
NEW STATESMAN
10 GREAT TURNSTILE
LONDON
WC1V 7HJ

UPDATE! Book now available early November

Holidays/Travel

XMAS IN SUNNY NAPLES

23 Dec.-1 Jan. £147

INCLUDES: Visits to Capri, Pompeii, Vesuvius and all breakfasts and evening dinners at 1st class hotel.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Telephone: 0484 24269
APPLY FOR 1983 BROCHURE, stating COUNTRY required

KIEV by TRAIN 22 Dec.-1 Jan. (Xmas) £155

INCLUDES: full board and sightseeing in USSR

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Telephone: 0484 24269

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe Street, London, E17. Tel:01-520 7911.

Meetings

ICA EVENTS, THE MALL, LONDON SW1. 01-930 3647. INSIDE TELEVISION: Wed. 27 Oct. 7.30 WELL BRIAN! SPORT ON TV with Sportswriter Stan Hey, Adrian Metcalfe (Sports Channel 4), Patricia Pearson (Granada). Chair Mandy Merck (Screen International), *PHILOSOPHY IN ACTION Thurs. 28 Oct.* 7.30 Engineering the Future – Genetic engineering discussed by author Jonathan Glover and scientist Jeremy Cherfas. **All tickets £1.25 bookable** (ICA Day Pass 40p).

'LABOUR AND Nuclear Disarmament'. Mike Gapes and discussion. Tues. 26 Oct., 7.30. House of Commons (room booked by Frank Allaun MP). Labour Action for Peace.

SHAW SOCIETY. Friday 29 October. T. F. Evans on 'The Black Girl, 50 years on'. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Lecture 7 p.m.

SOLIDARITY – Protest/Demol While firearms and dyed water-jets are used against Polish workers, the British Soviet Friendship Society is dining at Ealing Town Hall. Join us outside 6.30pm, 23 Oct. Solidarity with Solidarity. 01-540 5722.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday, 24 Oct, 8pm. Informal Q/A meeting. 'Reincarnation & Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Poetry

ROGER McGOUGH, ADRIAN MITCHELL, LIZ LOCHHEAD accompanied by **DAVE ANDERSON** at 7.30p.m. on Sunday, 31 October at The Round House, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. Tickets: £3.00 (£2.00 students, OAPs, handicapped, unemployed) from The Round House, Camden Box Office (01-388 7727) or Camden Libraries.

Removals

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS
COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
01-603 2865
27 Royal Crescent Mews
London W11

PRESENTED BY MARXISM TODAY

The Moving Left Show

OCTOBER 29/30/31

A festive weekend of debate, controversy and entertainment to be held at Queen Mary College, Mile End Rd, London E1.

Book now to avoid disappointment.

Some of the sessions on offer

The state of the unions, Can feminism survive the 80s, The role of the Communist Party, Racism and jokes, Question time for TV, Iran after the Shah, The left and the erotic, The gene machine — new technology, After the Falklands.

Speakers include

Giorgio Napolitano, Michael Meacher, Anna Coote, Jack Adams, Miriam Karlin, Ian McEwan, Anna Ford, Gordon McLennan, David Puttnam, Paul Boateng, Beatrix Campbell, Eric Hobsbawn, Ruth Lister, David Blunkett, David Watt, Michele Barrett.

Entertainments

Lunchtime with Pookiesnackenburger and a jazz band, Saturday night Alternative Cabaret (tickets £2), Childrens' entertainments and a creche for the under 5s.

For more information, or for tickets (*£8 waged, £4.50 unwaged*) send to Jo Newman, 16 St John Street, London EC1M 4AY, or telephone 01-251 4406.

Day tickets will be available at the door.

Make cheques payable to the Moving Left Show.

Seminar

SOCIALISM AND THE EDUCATED MIDDLE CLASSES IN EUROPE 1880-1914

19-20 November, 1982

Speakers include: Wolfgang Mommsen ● Royden Harrison ● David Beetham ● Stephen Yeo ● and others.

Open University Regional Centre
527 Finchley Road, London

Registration essential, contact: **Carl Levy, Faculty of Educational Studies, G. Crowther Hall, The Open University, Milton Keynes MK7 6AA**

Courses

SCHOOL OF HYPNOSIS enrolling for Spring Term (weekends) London. Tel. 01-226 6963.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

offers a variety of courses in a splendid Florentine environment. Courses in the Italian language (all levels) and the Italian Renaissance throughout the year. Drawing courses in September, October, March and April. G.C.E. A-level Italian from January-June. Accommodation arranged. 1983 brochure now available. Please contact:

David Rundle, The Director
The British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9
Florence
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

Insurance

INSURANCE ADVICE. Any type. Half commission to your charity/organisation, etc. Redcliffe Brunel, 205 Avonmouth Road, Bristol BS11 9EG. 0272 (STD) 827575/6.

Personal

ACHIEVE personal goals effectively. Counselling/social skills group, North London. Qualified leader. SAE: Antony Grey, 90 Uplands Road, London N8.

ALONE? Friendship or marriage for all ages and in all areas. 'Status', 7 Oxford Circus Avenue, London W1. 01-439 1619

AMBITIOUS MALE graduate, 35, seeks intelligent, affectionate, younger lady for sincere relationship. Box 4953.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARE YOU SEEKING occultists, witches, communes, companions etc? Pen-friends in all areas and throughout USA/worldwide. Stamp to: Baraka Aegis, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL MAN, 55, seeks attractive woman, young to 45 approx., for warm-hearted friendship. London and surrounding areas. Box 4983.

BACHELOR PROFESSIONAL, Anglo-French, multilingual, 40, enjoys travel, theatre, dining, seeks female who wishes to join in. Box 4947.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DISABLED LADY wanted for friendship and marriage. Please send sm. photo. Box 4972.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £40 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

ELIZABETH: PERSONNEL, guide to London's entertainments. Tel: 01-243 0701.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

EXTRA FINE SAVINGS on Durex! Plus the assurance of Family Planning Association. £1 and £2 Variety Samplers; 60 Gossamer £6.50; 60 Forget-me-Not (FPS own brand) £5; 60 new Fatherlite Extra Fine £7. Other offers and free "Expert's guide" with first order. Depts. NSN31, F.P. Sales Ltd., 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

EXTREMELY TALL, amorous, affable male, professional, solvent, secure, 38, platonically married, seeks intelligent, educated, feminine playmate, for broadminded, funloving relationship. Any age, marital status. Box 4875.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE-BASED female graduate, 46, divorced (centrist) interests include arts, walking, psychotherapy, seeks stimulating and affectionate male companionship. Box 4964.

IS THERE in Sussex a sceptical, romantic, capable woman dreamer in 30s, to restore purpose to divorced lecturer 43, 5ft 8in, who enjoys classical and jazz concerts, football with son, flowers, Downs walks, calm meditation and strong arguments over good wine? Box 4956.

IT'S LATER than we may think and best not to leave too much to chance. West End widow needs companionship of wid. or Div. man of good disposition, character, variety of interests, good income, capacity to enjoy life and flatter her a little. Somewhat more than middle-aged. Box 4903.

LONDON'S FRIENDLIEST SINGLES CLUB, where people meet at parties, winebars, pubs and weekends away. Social gatherings of all kinds is your chance to start a new social life. Details: City Circle, 281 Finchley Road, NW3. Tel. 01-388 9273.

OU HERMIT (f., London, seeks post-exam social life, aided by professional man 45+, vaguely Jewish, definitely unattached. Box 4984.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

READING, BERKS. Not very masculine male, 34, seeks not very feminine female, 18-45, view lesbian-like relationship. Coitus possible but not essential. Box 4915.

ROMANTIC BUT SHY, non-dogmatic, left-wing, male graduate, 27, seeks affectionate lady for friendship and love. Interests wide, but especially music and theatre. Box 4949.

SIXTYISH BUT still lively man, would like to meet intelligent, but not too serious-minded lady, in 40-50 bracket, who would like to alleviate domestic boredom by occasional meetings without commitments of any kind. Any reply to give interests. Bucks/Berks or Oxon preferred, London possible. Box 4976.

SYMPATHETIC WOMAN, 42, seeks compatible man for long-term, undemanding, committed friendship. Box 4982.

THINK TANK: A non-partisan current affairs, research and discussion club. Details: Box 1584, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2Z6, Canada.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE graduate woman, 43, div., home-loving, seeks unattached professional man for affectionate, close relationship. Interests: music, personal growth, family life. Box 4948.

WILL ATTRACTIVE virile, discriminating, youngish lady (medium/small stature), cultural interests, no ties, consider, with equivalent male (writer), exploring possibility sharing attractive country home (access Oxford, London). Small photographs exchanged/returned. Box 4950.

WRITE FOR Money – with Wordsmith, the new writer's newsletter. Details: Wordsmith, Dept W1, 151 Harefields, Oxford.

WARM-HEARTED OPEN-MINDED

Anglo-American male history lecturer, early fifties, wishes to share similar interests in classical and folk music, tennis and fell walking and to discuss politics and literature with affectionate woman with or without children whom I love. Located in Kendal, but will be in London in November.

Genuine correspondence gladly received. BOX 4925

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED